WHISTLER

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SYMPHONY IN WHITE, No. 1.

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WHISTLER

BY

BERNHARD SICKERT

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

James Abbott Macneill Whistler was such an inveterate mystifier that even his birth-place and his age was a matter of uncertainty during his life-time. He stated at the Ruskin trial that he was born at St Petersburg, but as he never disputed his American parentage, no reason but pure love of mystification can account for his distortion of the facts. He was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, on July 11th, 1834.

I quote from Way and Dennis. His father was Major George Washington Whistler, a distinguished engineer, whose second wife, James's mother, was Anna Mathilda MacNeill, the daughter of Dr C. D. MacNeill, of Wilmington, North Carolina. At the age of nine he was taken to St Petersburg, where his father held an important appointment as engineer of the St Petersburg and Moscow Railway. Major Whistler died in 1849, and soon afterwards Mrs Whistler and her sons

returned to America, where in 1851 James entered the West Point Military Academy. His career here was not a success, though he secured prizes in French and in drawing, and in 1854 he took his discharge. He then obtained a post as draughtsman in the office of the Coast and Geodetic Survey at Washington, in which capacity he made his first etchings on the margin of a map. No doubt it was these marginal notes which shocked the authorities and caused his discharge. The original plate and a proof of the etching were exhibited at the Whistler Memorial Exhibition, and it was amusing to compare the official rigidity of the Coast Survey draughtsman with the joyous recklessness of the artist when he let himself loose. Facts and dates were always obnoxious to Whistler, and therefore it is in a spirit of piety that I hasten over this ground. In 1855 he definitely devoted himself to art, and after a short visit to England settled in Paris in 1855, entering the studio of Gleyre. Here he was associated with Degas, Bracquemond, Alphonse Legros and Fantin-Latour, and among his fellow students were Sir C. J. Poynter and Mr George Du Maurier. He

was also for a time in the studio of Lecoq de Bois Baudran, having for fellow pupils Fantin, Manet, Degas, Claude Monet and Otto Scholderer. Baudran taught his pupils to work from memory, a training which Whistler found invaluable in his night pieces. While in Paris he executed the "Little French Set" of etchings, which were published in 1858. In 1859 he was in London, where he lived with his brother-in-law, Sir Seymour Haden, in Sloane Street. He afterwards shared a studio for some time with Du Maurier in Newman Street, Oxford Street, and then, after spending some months at Wapping, he settled in Lindsay Row, Chelsea, where he returned after a visit to Valparaiso in 1865-6. When the Grosvenor Gallery was started in 1877 with Sir Coutts Lindsay as Director, Whistler contributed six pictures which called forth the famous attack of Ruskin in "Fors Clavigera" of July 2, 1877. Whistler thereupon sued Ruskin for libel, claiming £1000. The case was tried before Baron Huddleston and a special Jury on November 25th and 26th, 1878, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff with one farthing damages.

Early in 1879 he left London and went to Venice, returning towards the end of 1880 and again settling in Chelsea. In 1884 he was elected a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, of which two years later he was elected President in June 1886, but only came into office six months afterwards, that is, in January 1887.

He was compelled to resign in 1888, and was succeeded by Mr (later, Sir) Wyke Bayliss. In the same year was published his pamphlet "Ten o'Clock," which he had delivered to audiences in London, Oxford and Cambridge, in 1885, and in 1890 under the title of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," a collection of letters and various controversial matter, including the Ruskin trial, and the "Art *v.* Art Critics" pamphlet.

In 1892 he took a house in Paris in the Rue du Bac, but he cannot be said to have settled there, as he returned several times to London.

He had married late in life the widow of E. W. Godwin, a celebrated architect, and her death in 1896 was a great blow to him. His restlessness grew with his loneliness, but

work was always his antidote to melancholy. In 1898 he was elected first President of the "International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers," a position which he held until his death, which took place on July 17th, 1903.

The list of honours conferred on him by other nations is considerable.

In France he was an officer of the Legion of Honour; in Italy hon. member of the Royal Academy of St Luke, and Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy; in Germany hon. member of the Royal Academy of Bavaria, Chevalier of the Order of St Michael, and hon. member of the Royal Academy of Dresden. In America, his birthplace, and in England, where he had lived and wrought for the greater part of his life, he received no official recognition whatever.

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I

Whistler as an Artist

The isolation of Whistler as an artist is more marked than that of any of his contemporaries.

Whilst it is increasingly difficult to assign to any school the art of to-day with its cosmopolitan culture, there is yet some truth and meaning in classing Millais as an English Pre-Raphaelite, Menzel as a German Realist, Monet as a French Impressionist. But it is idle to connect Whistler's art with any nationality, for the French influence is no more marked than the Spanish or the Japanese, and it seems to me almost as idle to term Whistler an Impressionist.

Fifty years ago Ruskin quoted Turner's remark, "Do you not know that you ought to paint your impressions?"

In Turner's case and in Whistler's the impression was a mental process.

Whether the record was made straight from nature or in the seclusion of the studio is immaterial; much of vol. 4 of "Modern Painters" consists of a clear exposition of the principle.

Here we find Turner's version of the "Pass of Faido" contrasted with Ruskin's transcript of it as it actually appeared from one spot.

But Turner wished to render the impression he had received of the place after he had approached it "through one of the narrowest and most sublime ravines of the Alps," and he therefore suppressed, or collated, or altered a quantity of different aspects.

Now I do not claim that Whistler in his nocturnes made any conscious alterations in the construction of the actual scene which had inspired him, but I do claim that the process was essentially the same as Turner's, and that he was only careful to be true to a mental impression.

The modern impressionist, if we take Monet as the most typical exponent, proceeds by a radically different method. His aim is to render with the utmost precision the exact tone and colour, the *value,* in fact, of each

PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER'S MOTHER

portion of the aspect at a given moment, on a given scale to be seen at a given distance. He knows that no calculation, classification, or effort of memory can follow precisely the infinite variety of these nuances of value. Not only is the aspect instantaneous, but strictly speaking it is unique and will never recur.

He will therefore work as far as possible on the spot, and it is at his peril that he relies on his memory, or alters anything, or continues for any long period, or recurs to the subject another day. As a painter is not a perfect machine he inevitably is driven to all or some of these expedients, but they are on principle methods of "pis aller."

The impression is narrowed down as far as possible to a purely visual point. I think we may fairly apply this description to such a picture as Monet's *Haystacks.* But it is obvious that it would not apply to any picture by Whistler, even to one that appears most faithful to the aspect of the moment, let us say the nocturne in blue and gold, *Old Battersea Bridge,* now in the Tate Museum. The considerations that prevent a picture by

Whistler from being an absolute transcript from Nature are first, the deliberate choice of the artist, and second, the fallibility and limitations of his memorising powers.

On the other hand the limitations that prevent Monet's *Haystacks* from being exactly like "haystacks" are purely material, the limitation of time, the unique character of the moment, and the limitations of oil paint. Whistler selects, whereas Monet is prevented or excluded. Whistler serenely continues to draw on his stores, whereas Nature after a short time shuts the door in Monet's face. If this be true it is not sufficient to say that Whistler is the greater artist, we must say that Monet is not an artist at all. Science is the goddess that claims him and not art.

Some one has said that all great men are always of one age; that they know not youth or age. Whistler must have early seemed mature, and he certainly seemed boyish, nay childlike, when a middle-aged man.

But just as Whistler was of no nationality and of no period, so he was of no age. Or rather he was a Whistlerian in nationality, period and age. The first picture he exhibited,

CARLYLE

At the Piano, in 1860, was acknowledged at the time as a wonderful performance and has taken its place since as a masterpiece.

To my mind it is not only this, but is unique as the work of a man of twenty-four. No doubt many great painters, perhaps the majority, have shown great powers from the first. In our own times alone we have merely to consider those "gifted boys" the Pre-Raphaelites, or the early work of Watts, to be sure of this.

But there is usually something jejune or raw about a young painter's work, and the powers have not come to full maturity. *At the Piano* is a work, not of promise, but of full and perfect achievement. Many indeed who would dispute Whistler's eminence in his later work admit his mastery in the earlier period.

There is a fullness and richness of quality in *At the Piano, The Last of Old Westminster, The Blue Wave, Biarritz,* the *Music-Room,* which he discarded later.

I believe that in all these works the canvas was full-primed and light in colour, and there was very little repainting. Hence the glow of

colour which has only intensified with time. Sometimes, as in the *Last of Old Westminster,* and the *Music-Room,* portions have become badly cracked, probably from repainting. It is possible that this may have induced him to alter his method, but the chief consideration I think was his attempt to emulate some of the qualities of Japanese painting for which he had such a great admiration. These being painted in gouache on paper or silk necessarily involved a thinner and more flowing technique.

The transition is visible in the *Symphony in White,* No. 2, or the *Little White Girl,* as it was originally entitled in the Royal Academy catalogue of 1865, and in the *Old Battersea Bridge* of the same year, belonging to Mr Edmund Davis, but it was more marked in the *Symphony in White,* No. 3, in the same collection.

If Whistler had never touched a copper plate or a pastel or a water colour, these two pictures of 1865 should have marked him out as the greatest painter of our time, and one that has a place with the greatest of all times, with Rembrandt and Reynolds and Gainsborough.

It is true that the *Little White Girl* met

with approval, nay, with enthusiasm, in certain quarters; that it inspired Algernon Charles Swinburne to write some charming verses; that it was and is still the most popular of Whistler's pictures. Yet those who agree with me that it is one of the great pictures of the world must also even now be unsatisfied with the appreciation it has received. Critical coolness is very well in its place, but do we measure with our two-foot rule the *Mrs Nesbitt as Circe,* of Sir Joshua, or the *Mrs Sheridan and Mrs Tickel,* of Gainsborough, or the *Mrs Carwardine and Child,* of Romney? I select these for comparison because they are not in a sense academically perfect. But before such beauty as this our attitude is rightly one of awe and reverence, and we throw aside prejudices and formulæ. The joy of sheer beauty holds us to the exclusion of any other emotion. There is something of the mystical, yearning, aching sense of beauty that we find in Rossetti. But in Rossetti, inadequately equipped as a painter, the feeling is exaggerated, and is self-conscious and literary; he is entirely wanting in dignity and reticence. He drew on the stores of his own ideals, until

sense, proportion, and the clean fresh loveliness of Nature were destroyed. English critics have regretted that the girl is not more beautiful. True, she has a face and not a Greek mask. But she is as beautiful as a young girl need be. She is a person, and though she may approach to a type, she is not a type. The model was an Irish girl with auburn hair, whom we find again in the *Symphony in White,* No. 1, and in several etchings.

It is interesting to compare with Whistler's version, Courbet's picture of *L'Irlandaise,* painted from the same model, "Jo." Every portion of Whistler's picture is flawless. Look at the lovely arm and hand resting on the mantelpiece. How lightly it rests, and yet it is a woman's arm, round and solid under the soft muslin. Look at the azaleas in the foreground. Do other blossoms ever seem to be growing by comparison? Was there ever such lightness of touch combined with such sureness? It is as if they had been thought on to the canvas. Like all perfect art, like the dancing of Adeline Génée or the bowing of Isaye, the most striking thing about it *as a performance* is its ease.

Painters are unjustly treated in this respect compared with other artists. Do we make an inquisition into Isaye's private matters, and require him to tabulate the number of hours he has practised solfeggi, or demand an affidavit of Mr Swinburne for his "Sapphics"? Why could we not then accept the *Little White Girl,* say grace, and ask for more?

The other two Symphonies in white, though abounding in beautiful qualities, are not so entirely flawless. The famous white girl or *Symphony in White,* No. 1, now belonging to M. Harris Whittemore, had never been exhibited in England at all, nor I believe in France, since it had excited attention in 1863 at the Salon des Refusés until the Whistler Memorial Exhibition of 1905.

The same girl, Jo, stands facing the spectator, her hands dropped with utter simplicity and dignity. In her right she loosely holds a jasmine blossom, and the only positive colour is a little blue at her feet. Here it must be admitted that the listlessness that adds such charm to the *Little White Girl* just borders on lifelessness. The girl has no expression at all; she just stares with her great eyes and

looks if anything merely bored. The painting, too, is not quite happy. The lines are stiffly and sharply drawn, and there is a certain harshness which is rare, almost unique, in Whistler's painting. It has been suggested that the hard brilliant climate of Baltimore, where it has been for forty years, is responsible for the lack of that mellowness that our softer climate imparts to pictures.

Beautiful as the *Symphony in White,* No. 3 is in design and colour, that also is not quite on the level of the second Symphony. The seated figure on the right is timidly drawn, especially the face and hands, and throughout the thinness of the pigment is just pushed a little too far, and verges on poverty.

But the reclining girl, Jo, leaning her head on her hand is one of the most exquisitely graceful figures in its sensuous ease that a poet painter could have conceived.

It is Greek, Pheidian, in its majestic grace, but not sham Greek. There is nothing archaistic or resuscitative about it. The azaleas, rising from the frame as before, are perfect examples of tender manipulation.

In these Symphonies the influence of the

Japanese painters, Hokusai, Hiroshige and Utamaro is distinctly perceptible, in the simplification of tones, the reticence of the modelling, and the introduction of sprays of blossoms as noticed above.

At a time when Japanese art was almost unknown, and collectors were only beginning to realise the store of beautiful designs hitherto untouched, Whistler was an ardent student, and adapted for his own purposes some of the characteristics of Japanese art with marvellous skill and taste.

He did not however positively assert his predilections for Eastern art until 1864, when he exhibited *Die lange Leizen*. As this title must puzzle those who are not familiar with ceramics it should be explained that the phrase is Dutch, and was by them applied to a particular kind of Chinese pottery which was in great favour among collectors in Holland. The phrase translated into English means "the long Elizas," alluding to the elongated figures of Chinese ladies which were the chief decoration. The six marks were valued as giving the year and dynasty of the pottery. In this picture as indeed in his Japanese

subjects, Whistler made no attempt at erudition. The girl is in a long gown which may be accepted as Chinese, and her hair is done in a fashion which is merely not European, but rather Japanese than Chinese. Also she is obviously not Chinese in nationality. In style the picture belongs to the early period of full "fat" painting, each portion appearing to be finished *un premier coup.* In this, as in the *Golden Screen* of the following year, the painting of the robe is an astounding piece of virtuosity.

The main colour has evidently been laid in in solid brilliant masses, and on this while it was still wet the pattern has been placed with unerring precision. We can see that some of the brushes were round, some square, and some pointed, but whilst the brush work is thus frank and obvious, it is never merely swaggering dexterity; each touch is interpretative, and expresses a particular character of the pattern. Some of the round touches are pulled off as it were, leaving an edge of light colour, which exactly express the embroidered flowers with light edges and dark centres. In any other hands such treatment would lead to

brutality, daubing, and even to sheer loss of construction.

But in the *Golden Screen* the form of the whole figure is expressed as it would be in nature, merely by the planes of each separate patch of pattern with its foreshortening, appearance and disappearance. It is pleasant to recall that the late F. G. Stephens, for many years art critic of the Athenæum, not by any means a whole-hearted admirer of Whistler, spoke of the "almost mystical delicacy of its tone," "the admirable *chiaroscuro*," and the "ineffable beauty" of the colour.

The Balcony, another piece of *Japonaiserie*, is even more frankly fantastic, for the girls who are leaning over it are Japanese in costume, but the scene on which they are looking is the grey Thames at Chelsea with its wharves and wharvehouses.

La Princesse des pays de la porcelaine, whilst containing wonderful passages of virtuosity, as in the rug and the flowing "kimono," is, I think, the least happy of his Japanese inspirations. The head of the beautiful Miss Spartali, who stood for the picture, appears in its richness of tone to overweight the rest of the

picture a little, and the left arm and hand are ungainly in attitude, and not quite convincing in drawing. A magnificent sketch for this picture was formerly in the possession of Professor Fred Brown.

II

Portraits

Whistler's position as a portrait painter is peculiar. Here, as always, his paramount preoccupation was with the picture, the arrangement of tones and colours in a certain pattern.

The great portrait painters, Velasquez, Vandyck, Reynolds, Gainsborough, achieved splendid "arrangements" without thereby immolating the person depicted, as Whistler too often did. The portrait by Gainsborough of Miss Adney was an arrangement in brown and pink as perfect as anything from Whistler's brush. But there is a vivacity, a penetration of glance in this as in all Gainsborough's portraits that was quite beyond Whistler.

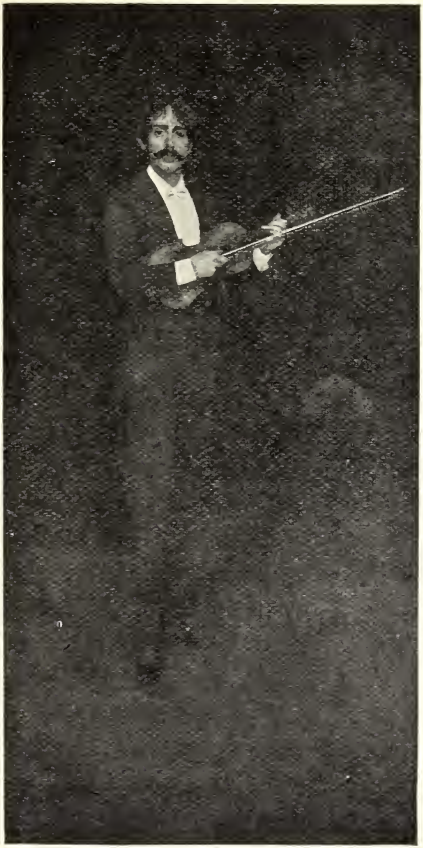
The person and the picture are not necessarily antagonistic, as he seemed to assume.

In the "Red Rag" of the "Gentle Art" Whistler defends his position thus:—

"Take the picture of my mother, exhibited at the Royal Academy as an 'Arrangement in Grey and Black.' Now that is what it is. To me it is interesting as a portrait of my mother; but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait?" This is quite unsound philosophy. The public does and should care about the identity of the portrait, not in the sense of gathering any specific knowledge, or starting with a bias as to what a famous person ought to look like, but in the sense of a strong impression of individuality, character, personality.

We know little and care less who were the persons who sat to Franz Hals, but we have a very vivid impression of each individual, so that we should recognise him if we passed him in the street.

Whistler did well to select the portrait of his mother for his illustration, since it is the only one that has this compelling force of individuality, except perhaps the Carlyle, whose weary hopeless face looks out with a sad intensity. But take the portrait of Irving as Philip II. To have failed in suggesting the character of that face, one of the most extra-



SARASATE

ordinary that ever was set on a man's shoulders, with its ardent glance of passion and intelligence, is to have failed in the most vital point. Of course this is not even to be counted among Whistler's best portraits. Irving's legs were not exactly his strong point, but even his legs had not that fin-like absence of construction. The hand, too, is suggestive of his particular trick of fidgeting with a trinket, but is a mere suggestion, and has none of the fine and nervous expression of that wonderful hand. I have not seen any mention of the fact, that the portrait in the final stage, as it was seen at the New Gallery, has been considerably altered since it was first exhibited, and as it appears reproduced in M. Duret's book.

In the earlier version the whole of the right arm is free, and the cloak falls back from the shoulder. In the final stage, the cloak falls forward, hiding all but the hand and wrist. I do not think it is an improvement, at least in the very careless and slovenly way in which it is painted. The legs, too, have been considerably altered, and here I think for the better. The left foot is better drawn, but not quite successfully, even now.

If most of these portraits are not quite satisfactory as portraits, and a few may almost be considered failures even as pictures, it was not from lack of thought or poverty of ideal. Whistler's intense ideal, to make the picture as it were blush into life, to grow as sweetly and inevitably as a flower grows, necessitated an effort of sustained attention which must have been very trying to all concerned. The weary hours that poor little Miss Alexander stood while the master grimly battled with his canvas, with the determination to attain perfect and final expression in every part of the picture!

Whistler was the Flaubert of painters, and just as no one but a writer can entirely appreciate the *mot juste* which was Flaubert's eternal problem, so none but a painter can understand Whistler's exasperated striving after the perfect expression. The layman appreciates and admires the gifts of eye and hand necessary to produce a good likeness of the sitter; he is even appreciative of the power of idealisation, in the sense of falsifying the true aspect; but he is usually quite incapable of appreciating the mental powers which can

make a picture at once intensely real and intensely ideal. Paint can be made into something pleasant in itself to look upon, although it very seldom is, in our own times. But to make it at once beautiful in itself, and an expression of something beautiful in nature, to make it truly eloquent of the painter's own vision, that is the final test.

A human being was to Whistler, just like an old barge, or a falling rocket, the stimulus to certain ideas as to colour and form aroused by the contemplation of its aspect. The condemnation of this mental attitude on the ground of superficiality is not very reasonable, since the painter is after all engaged with the superficies of his canvas.

The final result of all his work and thought is only a surface. There is no general principle by which the soul of a man can be painted. If it is not visible and recognisable in some superficial hue or form it cannot be represented except by some arbitrary symbol which is generally accepted and understood.

What makes Whistler inferior as a portrait painter to Velasquez or Gainsborough is his

idealism which would not permit him to correct and add to his first impression the minutiæ which differentiate the particular individual he has to portray from all other individuals. The particular features of the person were not so essential to the carrying out of his original idea.

A hair's breadth in line, an infinitesimal modification of hue might have brought the likeness nearer to Nature, but if this should endanger the simplicity of his idea, it was not to be entertained for an instant. He would not allow that great bullying cuckoo Nature to hustle out his poor little nestling of an idea. Naturally this intransigent attitude is not one which is calculated to bring forth the best results as portraits, but it may lead to perfect results pictorially. Miss Alexander, the two Lady Meux, Sarasate, Rose Corder, are what they pretend to be, splendid harmonies of colour and line.

At the time when Whistler's eminence was hotly contested, it was even denied that his pictures had colour. Burne Jones, however, who had appreciation for colour, though little originality in his own handling of it, admitted

NOCTURNE, BLUE AND GOLD

National Gallery of British Art

that the nocturne in blue and silver had fine colour, but the general verdict was that Whistler's pictures were "grimy grey," "dirty," "colourless."

The fact is that since Turner there had been no great colourist unless we except Watts. This extraordinary man however neglected his own remarkable gifts to pursue the Fata Morgana of the colour of the masters. This led to his disastrous excursions into confused unhappy and over ripe colour, which was and is still accepted as beautiful because it reminds us of Titian.

The Pre-Raphaelites who one and all had no conception of it had accustomed the public to an orgie of strident greens, raw purples, Reckitt's blues, smarting yellows, searing scarlets, until all eyes, debauched with kaleidoscopic views, failed to see anything in Whistler but black and grey. Yet the supreme test of a colourist is the faculty of making black and grey appear valuable as colours, and not merely as a *repoussoir*. All the great painters had this faculty at times, though not by any means always. Franz Hals's blacks were usually valueless, and Turner's abandonment of it often led to

strident tones. Among moderns the late Hercules Brabazon's use of black and grey was unfailing, by some magic they became intensely valuable as colour.

Whistler's blacks, greys and whites were invariably colours of paramount importance in the scheme, and I know of no instance where they failed.

III

Nocturnes

When we come to the Nocturnes, although the influence of the Japanese is still traceable, as in the high horizon and disposition of the *Nocturne in Blue and Gold, Valparaiso,* the low horizon and amazing bridge of the *Nocturne in Blue and Silver, Old Battersea Bridge,* yet it is in this field that Whistler was pre-eminently original and solitary.

It is inexplicable to me, and was even at the time when some of these pictures were first exhibited, when I was a lad, that there were so few not only to appreciate their beauty but to recognise their truth. Whistler's Nocturnes were the first pictures to arouse my entire interest and enthusiasm. Here at last was a painter who took for his theme the most commonplace subject which any of us could see for himself—the ugly warehouses, the

prosaic bridges, the lumbering barges of our own river, and transforming them, not, as Turner did, by dramatic contrasts and arbitrary compositions into things of magical beauty, but by sheer observation and the utmost humility and awe. I remember well being struck quite breathless with the *Nocturne in Blue and Silver* of Mr Alexander. It has the very majesty of night. The peculiar silvery blue of this picture, which permeates the whole with one atmosphere, Whistler's own blue, is still a mystery to me. I suspect that one of the reasons of the universal execration of the Nocturnes when they first appeared is that they leave the critic nothing to say, nothing on which to expand. They mean nothing, they teach no moral lesson, they explain nothing; and the critic, who, after all, poor man, must have his theme, is rendered mute, possibly with admiration, but with an irritating sense of being entirely "de trop." I shall not make the mistake of attempting a detailed description of the Nocturnes. Although dealing with subjects so nearly identical, calm nights by the water, it is wonderful how little of a formula is felt,

and how each has its own character and atmosphere.

The *Nocturne in Blue and Silver* of Mr Alexander is, I think, an effect of moonlight, but not quite full moon. So is the *Nocturne in Blue and Gold, Valparaiso Bay,* but the hour is perhaps a little earlier and we are aware of a clearer atmosphere and a more brilliant colour, subdued though it be.

The *Nocturne in Blue and Silver* of Mrs Leyland, again, is different in tone, and seems to me to be the late evening of a rainy day, whilst the nocturne, *Grey and Gold, Westminster,* is intense in gloom, like the *Nocturne in Grey and Gold, Battersea Bridge.*

How different, again, are the two twilight effects, *Entrance to Southampton Water* and *Valparaiso, Crepuscule.*

IV

Whistler's Later Works

Twenty years ago, or about the time when he first exhibited at the Society of British Artists, Whistler's position was hotly discussed, and his pre-eminence as a painter and etcher still denied him by the mass of the public who are interested in works of art. Let us try and find out how far, apart from the man's personality, this attitude can be justified. No doubt he would never have been elected President if there were not a large body of brother-artists who had followed his career and recognised his past achievements. But if we were to project ourselves again back to 1884, let us say, must we admit that all the work of that period and since is unworthy of a very high place in our estimation? To take some of the "important" works (if we must return to that disastrous word), there are the

Sarasate, the two *Lady Meux,* the *Lady Archibald* and *Lady Colin Campbell, Theodore Duret, Nocturne, St Mark's, Miss Kinsella.* If the first three I have mentioned are, as I hold them to be, masterpieces worthy to stand by Velasquez or Reynolds, how many masterpieces, we must ask ourselves, were being produced in England from that period to this? And if we must honestly reply, very, very few, then certainly the dubious or actively hostile feeling which was still prevalent is unjustifiable.

Besides the oils, there are all the Venice series of etchings at Dowdeswells and the Fine Arts, and a host of small oils, water-colours, and lithographs. Even the etchings, superb as they are now acknowledged to be, were at the time received deprecatingly or slightingly; and if Brabazon's work was, during his lifetime, as I am thankful to admit, generously admired for its qualities within its limitations, then surely such a water-colour as the "Chelsea shops" of Mr Cowan should have been acclaimed with enthusiasm.

In *Sarasate,* Whistler found a model after his own heart. Seeing the two together in the studio, one might almost have taken them

for brothers. The black curly hair, the small figure, elegant yet nervous and well knit, the southern colouring and still more the southern excitability and frankness, were common to both. In the portrait *Sarasate* stands almost like a boxer or dancer, alert and dainty, one foot forward, so lightly poised that he seems to have just dropped down like Whistler's own butterfly. Yet in spite of this impression of lightness and swiftness, in spite of the low tone which comes from his standing at some distance from us, there is no want of solidity. The floor is a solid floor, the dress coat is palpable stuff; the head is modelled with all Whistler's perfection of tone, and with a realism and truth that makes it an excellent portrait as well.

Both the *Lady Meux* are excellent examples of the late Whistler. The portrait "in pink and grey," which is the better known of the two, most delicate in colour, suffers a little, I think, from the oddity and clumsiness of the costume. The cut of the bodice makes a heavy line, and the hat is a veritable market basket. However, Whistler was always frankly of his own period; and if this picture "dates,"

DIEPPE BEACH

(By permission of Douglas Freshfield, Esq.)

that is precisely what a portrait should do, as witness the infantas of Velasquez, who appear to be standing in a sort of magnified bird-cage. The second *Lady Meux* is suave and majestic. The fur cloak, as it drops from her shoulders, is grand in its sweep, and the white edge of the robe is like the foam that curls round the feet of Venus.

In the portrait of *Theodore Duret*, both the type of the sitter and the scheme of the picture is not sympathetic to Whistler's style.

The heavy, strongly marked features, the bold relief of the black suit against a pink background, is suggestive of a vulgarity which a painter of Mr Sargent's force might have triumphantly eluded, but which grates a little in Whistler. It was an experiment which he wisely never repeated. As for the *Miss Kinsella*, most pathetic of all his portraits, one can only say that it is an exquisite ghost. As colour it is fantastically beautiful, and the drawing of the hand holding the iris is suggestive of Piero della Francesca. I understand that a great many sittings were required for this portrait, and it is evident that Whistler's fanatic pursuit of perfection made him at last

shrink from all precision of statement which disturbed his ideal like some outrage.

This surely is a beautiful and appropriate ending to a fine artist's work.

There are Turner's and Watt's canvases which true piety would cause us to burn. Their ambitions and cravings went on after their powers had long ceased, and the spectacle is distressing to such as are not disposed to jeer. But Whistler's dignity and discretion as an artist are in the most curious contrast to his behaviour as a man. No one looking at *Miss Kinsella* could guess that it was the last full-length he painted. It might be the first sketch of a young man bubbling over with vitality. It is the last word, and the word is faint and low, but not faltering, or foolish, or false. Contemplating it, one repeats the last words of Michael Angelo's sonnet, "Ah, speak low."

V

The Whistler Memorial Exhibition

The Whistler Memorial Exhibition was a revelation even to those who, like myself, may claim some familiarity with his life's work. Certain of his pictures always recur to the memory by the splendour of their achievement, but we required to be convinced, or at least reminded, that he was the one artist of our time who seemed incapable of blundering, and whose work, from the minute finish of *The Pool* to the excessive slightness of *The Beach*, was invariably flawless.

Whistler's work always suffered from exhibitions in company with that of other men. The extreme delicacy of his tone, the suavity and distinction of his handling, was not capable of competing with the strident clamour of the ordinary exhibition.

When he exhibited in the company of others,

as in the Grosvenor Gallery, the Society of British Artists, and the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Engravers, he was always careful to group his works together, so as to minimise the competitive effect. But he was seen to best advantage in an exhibition entirely devoted to his own work and organised by himself, as at the Pall Mall Galleries in 1874, the Fine Arts in 1880 and 1881, the little-known exhibition at the Working Women's College, in Queen's Square, in 1888, and finally the most representative exhibition of his work during his lifetime at Goupil's in 1892.

The recent Exhibition at the New Gallery was, of course, the most complete that had hitherto been held, with the exception perhaps of that at the Boston Galleries last year.

The latter contained all of Mr Freer's magnificent collection, including *The Thames in Ice, The Great Sea, La Princesse du pays de la Porcelaine, The Balcony; Nocturne, Grey and Silver; Nocturne, Blue and Silver, Bognor.* Other important examples which were not included in the Memorial Exhibition in London were: *The Little White Girl,* or *Symphony in White, No. 2,*

ETCHING

THE UNSAFE TENEMENT. (*W.* 7)

universally acknowledged as a masterpiece; *Nocturne in Blue and Silver, Cremorne Lights; The Music Room,* containing a portrait of his sister, Lady Haden; *Die Lange Leizen;* and the famous *Nocturne in Black and Gold, the Falling Rocket,* which was the chief occasion of Ruskin's immoderate attack. With these exceptions, the Exhibition at the New Gallery was complete, as it included nearly all his etchings, and, I believe, all the lithographs.

One might have expected that an artist who deliberately restricted his choice of subject, and who repeated his motives so often in the Nocturnes and Portraits, would suffer to some extent by having all his work in a single Exhibition. In the case of Watts, for instance, the Exhibition at the Royal Academy certainly contained some disastrous proximities, as the later work on the whole suffered by comparison with the earlier, and much tedium was involved in the study of many vast pictures which were partial or entire failures.

The explanation of Whistler's unvarying success lies in his limited ambition. In one sense of course his ambition was very high, as he demanded nothing short of perfection in

workmanship; but he never attempted direct brilliant sunlight, or the play of light of the Impressionists and of Watts, or the fresh green of verdure and foliage; whilst, of course, it was a matter of principle as well as of instinct with him to avoid all didactic or historical work.

In comparing the life work of Watts and Whistler, we are confronted once more with the problem that has divided the schools from time immemorial. Is it better for a great artist to devote his energies to subjects which appeal to the great heart of the public, even at the cost of style and beauty, or to express himself without consideration of the desires and aspirations of his fellow-men? It is singular that, whilst the great mass, with the cruel tardiness that is so characteristic of the British public of to-day, flocked to lay their withered laurels on the grave of the great Whistler, the younger generation of painters, in whose hands the future of English art lies, show a tendency to reaction, and turn rather to pay tribute to Watts. I am not in sympathy with this tendency.

To Watts the great portrait-painter, who

ETCHING

LA MÈRE GÉRARD. (*W.* 9)

achieved the portraits of *Lady Margaret Beaumont and Child, Lady Cavendish-Bentinck, Lord Campbell, Marie Casavetti, Joachim,* I am ready to do homage; but I consider that all his ideal work is practically or entirely a failure, not because I have any *à priori* objection to ideal painting as such, but because it was not in this branch that Watts' special talent lay. Reynolds, in his lectures, held up to our admiration the ideal school, but he had the modesty and wit to confine his own efforts to portrait-painting, in which he showed himself from first to last pre-eminent.

If, therefore, we pay no regard to a painter's intentions, and simply judge the work on its merits, and to my mind this is the only sane attitude for a critic, Whistler's work stands alone in its generation for its unvarying perfection, whether in oil, etching, water-colour, pastel, or lithograph.

Opinions have differed, and will continue to do so, whether what he set himself to say was always worth saying, but no competent critic would now maintain that it was not admirably said.

The present generation has forgotten, and

Whistler himself encouraged this ignorance, that his earlier work was received with enthusiasm in England. Not only did he exhibit from first to last at the Royal Academy as many as thirty-six works, if we include etchings and dry points, but the most prominent critics, such as Palgrave in the "Saturday Review" and F. G. Stephens in the "Athenæum," welcomed his work with words of unstinted praise. The change in the style, the greater breadth and freedom which gradually grew, was viewed with suspicion, but the culmination came with the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition of 1877 and Ruskin's attack in "Fors Clavigera," with the subsequent libel suit. From that period till he was elected President of the Society of British Artists in 1886, Whistler's fortunes and his reputation were at a very low ebb. The recovery has been a very slow one, as he personally profited very little by it.

Pictures that were sold privately by him for a few pounds during that period realised high prices for their owners.

It is not difficult to understand the change in public opinion from the time of the Grosvenor Gallery of 1877. In Whistler's previous work,

whatever influence was paramount apart from the study of nature was at least European. *At the Piano* in 1860, *Thames in Ice* in 1862, *The Last of Old Westminster*, 1863, *Die Lange Leizen*, 1864, showed chiefly the influence of Courbet and to a slight extent of Rossetti; but with the Nocturnes came Hiroshige, Hokusai, and Utamaro, and these Japanese artists being almost unknown to the general public, were incomprehensible when adapted by Whistler. Of course in these as in all Whistler's work, the foundation was nature, but since very few had troubled themselves to study a moonlight effect on the Thames, the bewilderment was not lessened. The general feeling was, "If art is made into such a cheap and easy matter as this, we shall be overwhelmed with Harmonies, Nocturnes, and Symphonies, each done in an hour or less, and claiming our attention, because, forsooth, they represent night effects."

Whistler thus satirised this attitude in the gentle art of making enemies. "Certain picture-makers would be induced to cross the river at noon, in a boat, before negotiating a nocturne in order to make sure of a detail on the bank, that honestly the purchaser might

exact, and out of which he might have been tricked by the night!"

To some of us the earlier works remain the highest examples of his art.

There is a glow of colour and a vigour of handling in *At the Piano, The Last of Old Westminster, The Blue Wave, Biarritz,* which we do not find in his more sophisticated later works. On the other hand, the Nocturnes appeal to us by their exquisite tenderness and a sublety of tone that makes them the most original achievements of modern art.

No one had dared before Whistler, and indeed no one has dared since, to attempt pictures with such few elements. Because this is the point, the fewer the elements the more precise they must be to satisfy the requirements.

It is a well-known phenomenon that on a starry night, if the observer were to attempt to fix a very small star, it would be invisible.

He can only see it, paradoxically, by not looking at it, but at some larger constellation in its neighbourhood. He then becomes aware of the small point of light in the corner of his focus of vision.

ETCHING

LA MARCHANDE DE MOUTARDE (*W.* 16)

Something analogous to this was achieved in some of Whistler's nocturnes. If we look at the centre of vision, where the lights are hovering, we are aware of the dark mass of a barge in the foreground. Fix this mass and it disappears. Return to the more lighted portion, and it reappears, a ghostly brooding bulk. Such accomplishment partakes almost of magic.

Others besides Whistler have expressed the awe and majesty of night, Turner, Daubigny, Millet. But Whistler is the only one who has expressed its *silence,* because it is the silence of a city, and if we listen keenly we can hear faint, faint sleepy sounds, the distant hoot of a steamer, the soft puff of a breaking rocket, the mournful plash of a ripple thrown by the passing barge looming awfully against the sky.

Perhaps the most wonderful characteristic of Whistler's genius was his utter abandonment to the particular medium he was handling at the moment, so that he would not allow the qualities of an etching to encroach in his oil-painting, or the ideal of a water-colour to interfere with that of a pastel.

Even Rembrandt ometimes exacted too

much: he painted with the needle, as in the marvellous *Three Crosses,* and drew outlines with the brush, as in the *Christ before Pilate.* But Whistler never; his etchings, even the worst of them, and some of the later ones are rather empty and frivolous, remain essentially a dance of lines, whilst his painting is always a dance of colour and tone. Hence it is almost incredible that the etcher of *The Pool* should be the painter of the *Nocturne in Blue and Silver:* there seems to be nothing in common between the two.

VI

Whistler's Personality

Enough and indeed too much has been said of the personality of Whistler. It cannot be said of him, as of Falstaff, that being witty himself he was the cause of wit in others. Indeed we may rather say that having bad taste himself he provoked bad taste in others.

An unpleasant instance of this was very noticeable at his death. Hardly was the breath out of his body than various persons, whose only claim to our attention was the high pillory on which he had exposed them, proceeded to exhibit with much complacency the honourable scars which had resulted from their exposure. When an old colleague of his whom he had quite gratuitously insulted generously forgot their differences and assisted at his funeral, one smart gentleman of the press considered the moment opportune for

quoting one of Whistler's silliest puns on his name. No doubt Whistler damaged his reputation irretrievably for his lifetime by his mountebank airs, but that fact is not entirely creditable to our taste and perspicacity.

In France a man may wear a hat of any shape he pleases, and may amuse himself and others by writing cryptic letters to the press, without such behaviour affecting the consideration of his work, which is still judged on its merits. But the English public, being quite distrustful of its own taste, is peculiarly liable to be hoodwinked by solemn pontifical airs among artists, and cannot understand that any one can be a very great artist and a very little man.

And yet we know that Titian was *sournois*, Morland a drunkard, Turner, mean and jealous and with vulgar tastes, Byron a *poseur*, Rousseau criminally weak. It was concluded that Whistler was a slight, light, gay personality, whose work was of no account, because he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, and always appeared gay and insouciant. Yet in one point, at least, he showed himself adamant. His rancour was inveterate, and extended itself

ETCHING

TYZAC, WHITELEY & CO. (*W.* 39)

to the friends and relations of those with whom he had quarrelled. The regrettable consequence was that the whole matter became embittered and obscured. The warfare became one of clans and camps, and each side snatched up any weapon that offered itself. We may hope that now the air is slowly clearing, and that when it does Whistler the artist will emerge and take the place that rightfully belongs to him, among the great artists of our or any time.

Although, as I have said, too much has been made of Whistler's personality, and the artist has been overwhelmed in the man, yet some description of his peculiarities is not unbecoming, and will be of interest to those who never met him.

Under any guise Whistler would have been personally remarkable. He had a small, neat, wiry figure, slight but with very broad shoulders; his hands were small and his fingers were pointed.

His throat was very broad and at the same time very long, and on this firm throat and neck his head was held very erect. His complexion was sallow, but warm in colour and

easily flushed when excited. His Italian colouring contrasted strikingly with the blue eyes. At first this was not perhaps noticeable, as he had a way of peering through half-closed eyelids, partly, no doubt, from short sight, but perhaps too from his quizzical way of looking at things. But when the intensely blue eyes opened suddenly in this warm, coloured face, one realised the man of the Southern States. He always wore a moustache and small imperial. The hair was the greatest peculiarity; this was abundant to the day of his death, and stood all over his head in little jet-black curls, not tight and crisp but fine and soft, more like feathers than hair. In this extraordinary shock of loose hair the famous white feather stood out, a beacon and a warning of which he was very vain. He was scrupulously neat and clean in person, and this neatness extended to all his actions.

His palettes were beautifully wiped, his brushes faultlessly kept: everything betokened the fastidious man. As for his general behaviour, it was foreign, one may even say exotic. He spoke in a loud, harsh, high voice, in the exaggerated nasal drawl of an American.

ETCHING

BLAC LION WHARF. (*W.* 40)

How far this Yankeefying of English was affected it is impossible to say, as the accent was purely English. I think he used the loud drawl as one of his weapons for disconcerting the enemy.

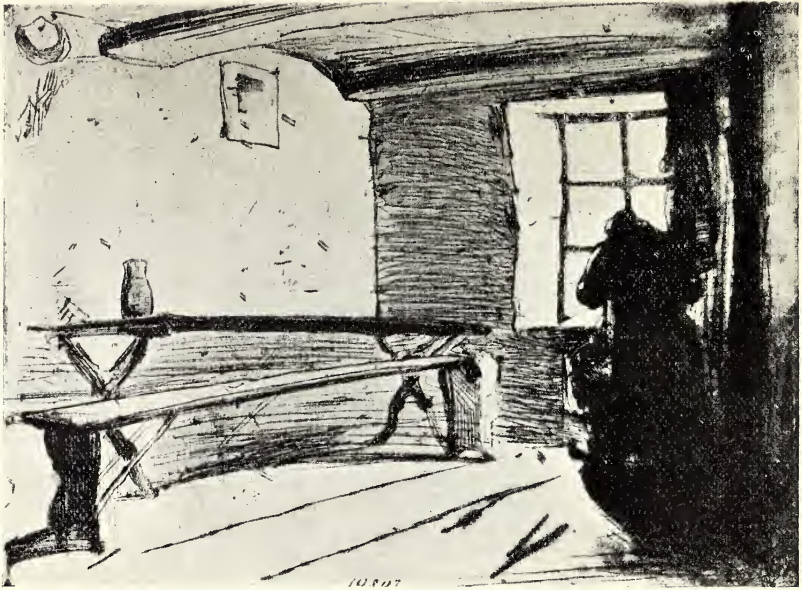
His gesture was very frequent, especially in a trick of thrusting out the hand, with all the fingers pointed together but the thumb upright. He spoke French very fluently and with an accent that, if not faultless, none but a Frenchman could criticise.

His peculiarities were not lost in the setting, since he exaggerated them all. Everything he wore was designed by him in a shape that was, to say the least of it, uncommon.

The tall hat was extra tall and had a wide flat brim. The black bow tie was enormously long and thin, and one end was invariably thrown over one shoulder. The coat was often thrown over one shoulder as well. He had a small waist, and the frock-coat was specially designed to exhibit it. I believe even the boots were peculiar—no doubt others who have studied him more closely could attest this. Finally there was the cane or wand, not three feet long, like that of most of

us, but about four, and therefore when used in perambulation held at arm's length, and at the height of the shoulder.

He was always screwing his eye-glass, which had no rim and no string, into his right eye, and when this fell, as it occasionally did, he nonchalantly fetched another out of his pocket, in which he had a store. Who that beheld this remarkable apparition idly strolling down Chelsea Embankment would have recognised the silent, earnest worker with enormous goggles that had just been cast off in the studio? To many I suppose all this is simply puerile and obnoxious; but I count myself among those who are grateful to anybody who has the courage to vivify our drab lives; and when a great man like Dickens, Balzac, Tennyson, Disraeli, or Stevenson makes himself conspicuous, I adore him the more for it. Laughter is a good thing, and whether we laugh with or at our rebels, what matters it? Note by the way that all these men who outraged decorum were witty men, not pretentious dullards, and quite ready to join in the hilarity aroused by their own vagaries. They were distinguished in their persons as in their gifts,



DRY POINT

THE MISER. (*W.* 65)

and were not ashamed of the distinction, but emphasised it and gloried in it. There was no pose or affectation in their antics, for they truely expressed themselves, scouting the snobbishness of the *comme il faut*. No doubt most men conform naturally with the ordinary standards because to violate them is no pleasure, but such as suppress their natural inclinations towards eccentricity may surely be more justly accused of pose or affectation than he who gives them free vain.

It is regrettable that Whistler's striking personality has not been adequately rendered in portraiture. What a perfect "Whistler" he would have made at the dark end of his studio, a mysterious sprite, half Mephistopheles, half child, an "arrangement in black," relieved by the white feather and the sardonic gleam of the eyeglass! Of his own attempts, by far the best is the little sketch owned by Mr Douglas Freshfield. It is a charming group, but as a portrait it is not to be mentioned with a masterpiece like the *Sarasate*. The earlier half-length has been absurdly overrated. Pleasant and sweet as a piece of painting, it is yet slovenly and slip-

shod in workmanship and almost unrecognisable as a portrait. The double strain of sitting and painting was evidently too much for his nervous temperament; the portraits by other artists, Helleu, Menpes, Boldini, are coarse performances, in which all his elegance and charm are lost.

Even Fantin, a great portrait-painter at his best, rather fumbled the Whistler in his group, *Hommage à Delacroix*, in the Salon of 1864. It is by no means the best figure in the group, which contained portraits of Cordier, Duranty, Legros, Fantin himself, Champfleury, Manet, Braequemond, De Balleroy, and Baudelaire. A second group by Fantin, which he sent to the Salon in 1865, under the title of *The Toast*, containing a portrait of Whistler in a Japanese gown, was afterwards destroyed. However, the head of Whistler was cut out by Fantin, and now belongs to Mr Avery of New York.

VII

Whistler as a Writer

In considering Whistler's literary achievements, it has often been a matter of surprised comment that he was forty-four years old before he began to show his abilities in this sphere. The surprise shows some ignorance of the real painter's temperament.

No painter, even if he has some literary gift, enjoys writing, which seems a stammering and diffuse mode of expression compared to his own tools, brush or needle.

Reynolds' discourses arose from his high sense of his position and its duties, whilst Whistler's "Art *v.* Art Critics," "Ten o'Clock," etc., were simply the outcome of the obloquy under which he had silently suffered for many years. He did not begin to write, that is, until after the Whistler *v.* Ruskin trial, and then, finding himself forced to fight, he took

his coat off to the business. Then, of course, as he handled words and phrases, he began to find a certain pleasure in the turn of a phrase and in the expression of his witty and scornful personality, and this continued to the end of his lifetime. Indeed, writing grew almost into a mania, and such a letter as that wherein he points out that a certain cartoon in Vanity Fair was not by Carlo Pellegrini seems an unjustifiable waste of time and print.

Writing undertaken in this spirit of mere impatience and defiance is not likely to possess any but an ephemeral interest, and it must be admitted that, after some years, it all rings thin: the snippets of biblical phraseology, the irritating, frenchified terms, the personal insolence, the fundamental shallowness of the philosophy. Yet there is no doubt that, at the time and for the public that he was addressing, Whistler's controversial writings were beneficial, not only, as his detractors have asserted, in drawing attention to himself, that is, as an advertisement, but in their insistence on that side of art which Englishmen are especially prone to ignore.

ETCHING

AMSTERDAM FROM THE TOLHUIS. (*W.* 82)

The centuries of Puritanical forebears, I suppose, are the cause of the comical mode of approach of the most intelligent Englishmen to any question of art. They appear to tackle the matter as a kind of mathematical problem with clenched fists and bent brows, determined to understand or die in the attempt. Ruskin himself, that singular mixture of Puritan and Greek, encouraged this attitude, as exemplified by the extract from "Modern Painters," quite justifiably pilloried by Whistler: "I have now given up ten years of my life to the single purpose of enabling myself to judge rightly of art . . . earnestly desiring to ascertain, and to be able to teach, the truth respecting art; also knowing that this truth was by time and labour definitely ascertainable."

Whistler answered, "So art has become foolishly confounded with education—that all should be equally qualified. Whereas, while polish, refinement, culture, and breeding are in no way arguments for artistic result, it is also no reproach to the most finished scholar or greatest gentleman in the land that he be absolutely without eye for painting or ear for music——"

Whilst this is true enough, it may be pointed out, for the consolation of those refined persons who wish to appreciate art, that it is rather their attitude that is at fault, than any essential defect in themselves. The Latin races understand better than we do that the way to approach questions of art is not in a spirit of determination to understand, but in one of preparation to enjoy, and that one must abandon oneself wholly to the mood of the artist instead of regarding all he does in a rigid and suspicious manner.

If, after this abandonment of oneself and all principles and pre-occupations whatever, dislike is still paramount, the artist is not thereby condemned, but the lack of sympathy between the two parties is evidently insurmountable.

Now Ruskin, the most typically English critic, with that curious mixture of the Celt and the Saxon, Poet and Puritan, Sensualist and Moralist, that makes the modern Englishman of culture the most complex creature of modern times, had written a vast amount on matters of art, books in which the most glorious eloquence, the most searching analysis, flashes of prophetic insight, passages of brilliant wit

were interspersed with sheer drivellings, shrieks of rage and despair, pointless divagations, rude and uncalled-for attacks on contemporaries. "Modern Painters" is one of the strangest books of the world. Begun at the age of twenty-three, with the original intention of being a defence of Turner at the expense of all predecessors and contemporaries, it very soon developed to enormous proportions, and Ruskin in the first volume, in all the exuberance of youth, set forth his intentions in these terms.*

"I shall have to reprobate the absence of study in the moderns as much as its false direction in the ancients. . . .

"1st. Investigate and arrange the facts of nature with scientific accuracy.

"2nd. Analyse and demonstrate the nature of the emotions of the Beautiful and Sublime.

"3rd. Examine the particular characters of every kind of scenery, and to bring to light that faultless loveliness which God has stamped on all things.

"4th. Finally, I shall endeavour to trace all this on the hearts and minds of men: to exhibit the moral function and end of art."

* Ruskin, "Modern Painters," vol. i., Preface.

Such extravagant pretensions as these could not of course be maintained for long, and as Ruskin's mind broadened with age he included in his Paradise of the elect many names which he originally scorned. But at the moment he never had any misgivings as to the truth and value of his opinion, and asserted it with a cantankerous rudeness which was the sign of a weak and hysterical nature.

By the time he had arrived at "Fors Clavigera," his interest in art, although never abandoned, had become absorbed in the more pressing matter of the state of society as a whole. His growing terror and rage at the condition of society, which in this work first shows a beginning of actual insanity, made him more and more impatient of all modern art whatever, which seemed now to him, as always to Carlyle, fiddling, like Nero, whilst Rome was burning.

If with the broadening of his mind Ruskin could have acquired a calmer attitude, he would probably have been one of the first to recognise Whistler's genius, which had so much in common with Turner's. But it was not in the nature of this weak, hysterical, egotistical,

ETCHING
WHISTLER WITH THE WHITE LOCK
NEW YORK. (*W.* 142)

and at the same time grandly unselfish man of genius to contemplate calmly the underlying horror of our modern civilisation. The greater insight only induced greater despair, and it is rather to this than to any really serious attempt at criticism that we must attribute his onslaught.

But Whistler met Ruskin's unfairness, which was after all perfectly honest in intention, by an unfairness which was characteristic of him in its determination to "score off" his opponent at any cost, and his snippets of Ruskin interlarded in the vamped-up account of the trial is a grossly unfair proceeding, since the context is of more importance in Ruskin's writing than in almost any other. Several of these extracts have obviously a tinge of irony, as notably the commendation of Prout, and Whistler's determination to make Ruskin ridiculous recoils on himself.

I do not intend to enter at length into the question mainly at issue between them concerning the principles of art: what Ruskin with all his gifts could not definitively solve in some twenty volumes cannot be cleared up cursorily in a little book concerning his enemy. But

we may at least admit this much, that in the main question, the relation of the artist to the social conditions out of which he has grown and which environ him, any one who has thought at all seriously on the subject must find more true philosophic insight in Ruskin's point of view than in Whistler's. Indeed, Whistler's arguments or rather assertions in the "Ten o'Clock" are self-destructive.

We begin with a pretty description of the origins of art, when the "first vase was born in beautiful proportion" and "all drank alike from the artist's goblets, fashioned cunningly, taking no note the while of the craftsman's pride, and understanding not his glory in his work; drinking at the cup, not from choice, not from consciousness that it was beautiful, but because, forsooth, there was none other!"

"And the people lived in marvels of art—and ate and drank out of masterpieces—for there was nothing else to eat and to drink out of, and no bad building to live in."

"Surely," Ruskin might have answered if he had not scorned the absurdity of Whistler's assertions, "we may call such periods artistic."

ETCHING

THE PALACES. (*W.* 153)

"There arose a new class who discovered the cheap and saw fortune in the facture of the sham." How did it arise? we may well ask. If through some alteration in social conditions, then surely those conditions are at fault. How, then, can he say that "in no way do our virtues minister to its worth, in no way do our vices impede its triumph."

And is the only form of bad art to be found in the cheap and the sham? Shades of the early Victorians! Was there only the cheap or sham in these expensive monsters?

Again, in his pamphlet, which appeared immediately after the Whistler *v.* Ruskin trial, he attacked the art critics *as a body*, and declared that they were an unnecessary evil. "Let work, then, be received in silence, as it was in the days to which the penmen still point as an era when art was at its apogee."

The theme was developed and extended in the "Ten o'Clock," including in the anathema, not only art critics, but art experts, "those also, sombre of mien, and wise with the wisdom of books, who frequent museums and burrow in crypts."

It would be singular, if we were not

conscious of Whistler's fundamental bad faith in controversial matters, that he was not aware that his main argument, the independence of art and society, was hereby stultified.

If art critics and experts are evil, how did this evil arise, otherwise than through an evil condition of society? It is absurd to throw all the onus on the critics personally, as though the decadence was entirely of their making. They fulfil a demand, and if the demand is evil, it is society that is responsible. And in the main, Ruskin had come to the same conclusions as Whistler in this matter. Throughout his later writings we find the conviction that the mere existence of the art critic is a proof of the decadence of society. Art is something to be done and not talked about, and much of the wailing that so irritated Whistler is on this very matter. Not that Ruskin actually despised the work that he had set himself to do. He rather considered himself in the light of a surgeon who has to operate on a diseased body. Of course he had the passion for expression, for thought, for beautiful language which every great writer has, but in his later works he tried to suppress

his exuberance and say what he had to say in the sternest and simplest style. He had remorselessly thought out the whole question, and his conclusion being, like Whistler's, that, in a healthy state of society, the art critic would find no place, he turned with all his remaining energy to sociological questions, and in the endeavour to impress his views on an indifferent and frivolous world, broke his heart and wore out his brain. To quote again from the "Ten o'Clock," "The master stands in no relation to the moment at which he occurs—a monument of isolation—hinting at sadness—having no part in the progress of his fellow-men."

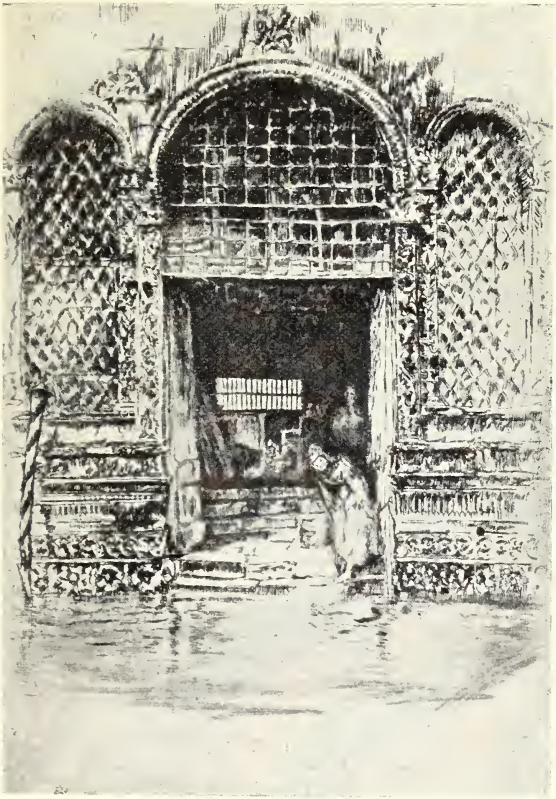
Whistler is characteristically preoccupied with the master alone, and if straining a point we say that he has no part in the progress of his fellow-men, we must admit that history shows us his dependence at least on his precursors and contemporaries in his own art, often far inferior in gift. The chain is unbroken from Squarcione to Bellini, from Massaccio to Raphael, from Backhuisen to Turner.

The artist does not spring, like Minerva, from the head of Jove, mature, complete, and

in full panoply. He is dependent, none more so, on the condition of the society that surrounds him. To take a simple test, the landscape and genre painter should find his subjects in the daily life of his contemporaries, in the architecture of the towns, in the costumes of the people, and in their manners in work and play; and if these are ugly and pernicious, ugliness and degradation will be the result.

How many pictures of the present day faithfully represent our daily life and thereby produce beauty? In England almost none. In France perhaps a little more, and in Italy and Spain more still.

Our working classes have no distinctive dress, but seem to wear the cast-off clothing of their superiors in the social scale; our architecture is lamentable. Work in the towns is unpicturesque in the extreme, and play at Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday, although not quite so hideous, cannot be compared to the Kermesse of Rubens. Compare the life in a pub. to the revels portrayed by Brauwer, Teniers, Van Ostade, Jan Steen! The proof that our daily life is utterly hideous and



ETCHING

THE DOORWAY. (*W.* 154)

unpicturesque is best found in the fact that our artists have practically desisted from attempting to portray it.

On the one hand, the Academic painters laboriously reconstruct a past age, with all the tedious and prolix associations of the property box and the professional model, and on the other, the most vigorous and capable talent is engaged in forging Old Masters, with an accomplishment to which past ages form no parallel. "Therefore have we cause to be merry!—and to cast away all care—resolved that all is well—as it ever was—and that it is not meet that we should be cried at, and urged to take measures!"

Whistler was an inveterate *poseur*, and he must have known that this pose of jauntiness was unjustified by the facts. The Rotherhithe and Limehouse that he etched so wonderfully were gone; Chelsea Bridge was superseded by a structure to which every artist must shut his eyes in passing. Cremorne was gone, and the very house where he died was a poor substitute for the fishmonger's shop which had held the site, and was immortalised in one of his lithographs.

He did not take any delight in the really typical forms of a great modern city—the railways, the monstrous abortions of hotels, the dismal iron bridges, the trams with their drab loads, the offensive posters, which with the shop windows supply with kaleidoscopic rapidity, and in chaotic confusion, the only colour; the distorted and pretensious architecture, which apes the old, whose destruction it has caused—all this was no more congenial to him than to Ruskin. He did occasionally touch the fringe of the horrible London of our time, but only in very slight sketches in lithograph—Charing Cross Railway Bridge, the Savoy, Gaiety Theatre, where one line more would have betrayed the hideousness of his subject.

Surprise and regret has been expressed that he never again attempted a view of London as complete and perfect as the *Old Battersea Bridge* of Mr Davis. Perhaps the reason lay, not at all in indolence or oddity, but because London was becoming so hideous that it was only tolerable at night.

Again and again he painted, drew, and etched this delightful structure, worthy of the brush

of Hiroshige, with all the care and love of which he was capable, and his neglect of other views of London is surely not surprising. Like all really great artists, wherever he went he chose as subjects the obviously picturesque views that every amateur would seize upon first, and was not to be diverted by any consideration of their staleness. Many painters in our times are so afraid of being taken for amateurs that they are careful to distinguish themselves by selecting subjects and points of view that are intrinsically and radically ugly.

Whistler knew perfectly well that his own vision and personality was quite sufficient for new interpretation of a subject, however hackneyed. We have only to look at his pictures of Venice, Venice which had been the most favourite home of painters from the time of Bellini, to recognise this. It is not the Venice of Bellini or Canaletto, Guardi or Turner, nor, on the other hand, is it the Venice of a maiden's fancy.

It is Whistler's Venice, a living, breathing, moving city, whilst his London has something exotic, egregious, decaying, or dead.

The quaint sweet and fish shops of old

Chelsea, the wharfs of Rotherhithe, Black Lion Wharf, Old Battersea Bridge—these are not the vital organs of our London, and we have therefore destroyed them all without compunction.

Whistler's London is as dead as Hogarth's, and its beauty is disappearing so fast that not even another Whistler could find interest in it.

However, the London of the years 1857 to 1890 is permanently recorded, and recorded by Whistler alone. In this epoch, when pictorial art is rapidly dancing away to perdition, with costumery and Wardour Street tomfoolery, archaistic affectations, literary futilities, and pretentious nightmares, we have entirely forgotten that the first essential in a work of pictorial art is that it should be a document. We know from Gentile Bellini's *Relic of the Cross,* how his contemporaries looked, what they wore, what houses they lived in, and so it is ever through the ages: from Rembrandt as from Carpaccio, from Dürer as from Velasquez, from Canaletto as from Turner, we get the most illuminating document of the past that could have been handed down.

ETCHING

THE RIVA. (*W.* 157)

And this documentary value of the art of the past is actually our treasure in spite of the fact that for centuries art, being the handmaid of the Church, was bound to certain conventions and traditions, and broke with them only with trepidation and peril in insidious ways, and by steps that are almost imperceptible.

Yet in our time, so licentiously free, there is almost nothing in English art of any documentary value whatever. The future student will gather one side of immense value in its partial way from Charles Keene, but of art which is at once interpretive and documentary, with this exception, almost nothing. No doubt there will be a vast number of documents in faithful, humble transcripts from life, but these, being as little interpretive as human hands and eyes can make them, will be almost on the level of coloured photographs. Even in the essentially modern field of landscape, we have not only no names to put beside Turner and Constable and Crome, but none of the eminence of De Wint, or William Müller. In Germany, Menzel, and in France, Monet and Degas, to name only two painters, are undoubtedly to be

counted among the great men, although the interpretative element in Monet is of the slightest. But what documentary value is to be found in Burne Jones, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, Leighton, Alma Tadema, or their successors in the Academy and elsewhere? In portraits alone there is inevitably something memorable, and Orchardson, Sargent, and several others will have their niche. Watts, of course, as a portrait-painter stands apart, and his unfortunately rare masterpieces will rank with Reynolds and Gainsborough.

To quote Ruskin once more, "All classicality, all middle-age patent reviving, is utterly vain and absurd; if we are to do anything great, good, awful, religious, it must be got out of our own little island, and out of these very times, railroads and all."

Mr Wedmore, in his "Whistler and Others," echoes this opinion in words that are worthy of quotation:—

"More to Whistler than to any one else who has worked with brush and needle, do we owe that complete acceptance of modern life, of the modern world, of all that is miscalled its ugliness, of its aspects of every day,

ETCHING

UPRIGHT VENICE. (*W.* 172)

which complete acceptance, remember, whether in pictorial art or the art that is literature, is the most salient characteristic of the best workers of our time. Whistler, with a nature essentially aristocratic—knowing well, in the depths of his being, that art of any kind and the 'man in the street' have nothing in common: that what is called the 'plain man' and art are for ever divided—yet accepted the very things which seem most commonplace to commonplace people, and showed us their interest.

"So great an artist—the fantastic beauty of Venice and the scaffolding of the 'Savoy,' appealed to him together. The dome of the Pantheon, the Renaissance towers of Loches, a Cubitt-built house in Pimlico, the candle works over the river—they were all his material."

VIII

Technique

Whistler's technique was of the most simple. Some of the early canvases, *At the Piano*, *The Last of Old Westminster*, were probably the usual full primed canvas of the colourman, of a light key, and unprepared. Later on, he preferred a canvas specially prepared, rather rougher in texture, and nearly always in some tone, usually a grey. Some of these canvases were unnecessarily rough, and disturbed, by the unevenness of their texture, the suavity of his brushwork. At one time he used brushes nearly three feet long, which necessitated a very fluid medium.

His practice was, in starting a portrait, to spend a considerable time in matching the tones. His palette was the top of an oblong table, on which he could with ease manipulate these tones. When they had been definitively

settled, he would start the picture at once without preparation. At the end of the sitting he took up what was left of them with the palette knife, and placed them in a saucer or dish filled with water, so that on the next day he was ready to resume them.

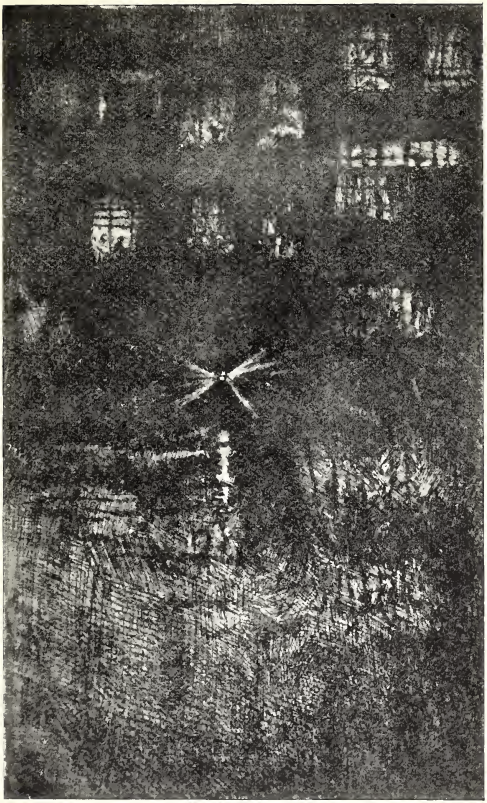
As he was constantly engaged in the same work from one day to the next, he was obliged to use extreme caution in the manipulation, so as not to "embarrass the canvas," as his phrase was; and his use of the full palette from the very beginning, including slow-drying colours like ivory black and rose madder, was a source of endless difficulties and interruptions. This is not a treatise on the principles of oil painting, so I need merely point out that Whistler's method was unsuited to the painting of large pictures necessitating many sittings. It was a "premier-coup" method, the picture being practically repainted at every sitting. At some stage, about the third or fourth sitting, the tones had all "sunk in," and since at every stage it was necessary that the painter should see what had been done, he was obliged to "oil out." If this surface oil was not wiped off, it would run down the canvas, as might be

seen in the first stage of Irving's portrait, and if it were wiped, a large proportion of the previous painting was wiped off with it. Each stage was not, as it should be, a preparation for the final one, but an attempt at a final painting, and, so far as it failed, a bad preparation for the next.

A rule that was invariably observed by methodical painters in the past was that the definitive true colours were stated once and finally, being never repeated.

Whistler repeated the same tones over and over again, each coat in the most successful canvases approaching nearer to the definitive tone, but by their repetition tending to make the quality duller and flatter, and without sparkle or inner glow. His difficulties, moreover, were greatly enhanced by his extremely modern eye for the cool tones, blacks, greys, purples, lilacs, etc. It is notorious that cool tones should be prepared in a relatively warm dead-colouring.

It is quite wonderful to me that in spite of his neglect of these rudimentary laws, Whistler so often "pulled off" masterpieces. The explanation, so far as any explanation is possible,



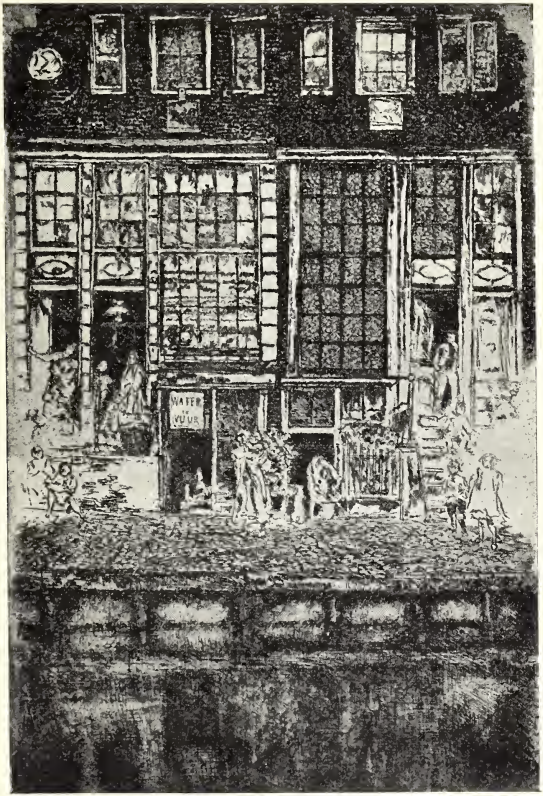
ETCHING

NOCTURNE, DANCE HOUSE. (*W.* 268)

is that the successes were really of the nature of "premier coup" pictures, the under paintings, or "pot shots," being almost negligible. Sometimes the final qualities were happy accidents. He constantly scraped down the last painting with the palette knife, so as not to "embarrass the canvas," and the dress of the *Miss Alexander* was so scraped, with the intention of continuing at another sitting. The result, however, was so satisfactory that it was thus left. It is obvious that this unmethodical way of setting about a portrait must lead to many absolute failures. It required a devotion and energy on the part of the sitter hardly less concentrated than that of the artist, since every time the brush was laid to canvas, the picture was repainted from top to bottom. Such devotion is rare, and it is quite unreasonable to expect it from the kind of ladies or gentlemen who give commissions for portraits as they would for a suit of clothes.

And it was with such persons as these, we must remember, that Vandyck, Reynolds, and Gainsborough made their great successes. Whistler may be called a realist in the sense

that his idealism was unconscious, and that he required the stimulus of nature actually present and insistent. He felt acutely the inter-dependence of all the elements in a picture, and this acute conviction, so typical of our period, made it immensely difficult for him to abstract one element in the picture, the background for instance, and deliberately alter it in accordance with some preference of his own. Gainsborough could do this, and Reynolds, and while we recognise the convention, we are not aware, as we should be with a modern, of affectation or absurdity. But conventions in Whistler's hands would have resulted in sheer nonsense. Although the Nocturnes were necessarily not painted direct from nature, the principle was the same as in the portraits. Every stroke of the brush is, after all, achieved by an effort of memory, and in the case of the Nocturnes, the memorising was merely of longer duration. For some time he was in the habit of taking notes in white chalk on brown paper of nocturnal effects; but as he became more adept in his art, he threw even this aside, and relied entirely on memory. One of his pupils has



ETCHING

THE EMBROIDERED CURTAIN. (*W.* 356)

described to me his method of taking mental notes of a scene. He stopped for a long time gazing at the scene; then turning his back he would go through a category of the elements, asking his companion to check him in any error.

"There is a tavern window, three panes wide on each side of the central partition, and six panes deep. On the left side is a red curtain half drawn, starting from the third pane from the left, crossing to the second below and down to the bottom about half-way across the first panes. Behind this curtain is a light, in the second pane from the left of the second row. This light illuminates the whole window, except where there is a dark mass near the bottom on the right, probably a table, which obscures it. The wall of the house is really white, but appears a dark blue grey in the moonlight. A street lamp, which is to be out of the picture, casts a shadow, very dark at the top, but broken of course by the illuminated window, and, where it is discernible below the sill, extremely faint.

"To the right of the window, at the height of the second pane, is a door, open, with a gleam of

light across the sill from the room. The tone of the roof is darker than that of the wall, but is warm in colour, and precisely the same in value as the sky beyond it, which is a deep blue grey . . ." and so forth.

Then when all the errors had been corrected, he would turn round and take another long mental note; after which he walked back to bed, asking his companion not to speak to him, so that he might keep his impression fresh. Next morning, since he never permitted more than twelve hours' interval to elapse, he began the picture, and in the evening returned for the purpose of making more notes and correcting his first impression. It is clear that this method of painting is simply painting from nature, the only difference being a longer interval between observation and execution.

Although, as I have stated, there were few technical secrets in Whistler's methods, I think I can descry one which is peculiar enough to be interesting. It is a known law that a tint appears colder or warmer than the normal, according as it is laid on a relatively darker or lighter ground. In some of the nocturnes, dark as the sky is, it is, I believe,

yet lighter than the ground on which it was painted, which is practically a warm black. By this means he avoided the use of a positive blue, and gave that peculiar milky baffling colour to the skies, which is neither grey nor blue nor any definable colour, but just the colour of night. The dark ground is very perceptible in the pier of *Valparaiso Bay*, and in the painting of the white coat in his own portrait.

IX

Whistler as an Etcher

Whistler's etchings were, from the date of their first exhibition in the Royal Academy, recognised as the works of a master in line. The "Little French set" of thirteen etchings were published in 1858. Here we find, in *La Vieille aux Loques, La Marchande de Moutarde, Street at Saverne,* the traditional technique which had come down from Rembrandt through the great French etchers Méryon and others. But in these, as also later in the Thames set, whilst we recognise Whistler in the unerring sense of composition, the delicacy and precision of the line, the boldness and sincerity of expression, yet the personal note, the interpretation of Nature which is so peculiar to him, is still in abeyance.

The *Unsafe Tenement* is a splendid etching, in unfaltering decision of line and in grand

ETCHING
JO'S BENT HEAD

massing of light and shade which has not destroyed the Dutch-like finish of parts, such as the stable-fork with its shadow thrown on the wall.

The many admirers of Whistler's etchings have broadly separated into two classes, those who prefer the earlier work of the Thames and French periods, and those to whom the later Venetian and Dutch prints yield a more intimate appeal. It would be idle, it seems to me, to attempt any analysis which should conclude the superiority of one class of work to the detriment of the other. That is the rock on which so many art critics, including one of the greatest, if not the greatest, Ruskin, have often come to grief. More profitable would be an attempt to analyse their peculiar beauties, and to show if possible merely the *difference* between the points of view. For there is a difference, and it is much more marked than the earliest and latest styles of Whistler as a painter. In the earlier work it is evident that Whistler, when the needle was in his hand, still regarded Nature in terms of outline. Such an etching as the famous *Blac Lion Wharf* may be roughly termed a map or plan

of the aspect, filled in with indications of the various textures and surfaces. From one end of the plate to the other everything is exhaustively treated, with the minute and literal exactness of the most unflinching Pre-Raphaelite. Wherever there is not anything precise and definite to be stated, a crane, a post, the mast of a ship, the paper is virgin. There is almost none of that palpitating mystery out of which the salient facts emerge which we associate with Whistler's later works, and which is life. And much of what unintelligent persons call detail, the filling in of spaces, is pure convention, quite thoughtless and quite untrue to Nature, although charming in its way.

Take the tiled roof on the left, the beams of the house immediately to its right and of that on the right-hand corner, or the steps going down to the river.

Or take the bricks on the right of another, and a magnificent, plate of the Thames set, the *Rotherhithe.*

It is misleading to say in these cases, every tile on that roof, every beam in that house has been drawn. These details are

merely filled in with a certain number of strokes of a certain shape, accepted as indicating the materials of which they are constructed.

Compare now the *Palaces* of the Venetian period.

Here the detail is very rich, the doorways, the arches, the tiled roof, the fluttering gondolas. But by this time Whistler no longer thought of Nature in terms of outlines to be filled in with detail. While convention has not been quite abandoned, as in monochrome work it can never be, yet it is so subtly hidden, so adroitly manipulated, that the first impression of the plate is its vivid truth. Or, for a still better example, take the *Doorway.* In the two flanking arches there is an immense amount of detail as well as in the rich ornament of their pillars. Yet whilst we feel conscious of line, close study finds that actual outline is almost absent, and that the effect has been obtained with a cunning use of hatched tone. Every diamond-shaped window has its own character and there is no repetition of a pattern. The lights emerge and disappear with the arbitrary and fitful character of Nature, and only the closest and

most reverent copying of Nature could have caught this mystery and infinity. Wherever in the early etchings figures or details are introduced in a slighter manner, as in the barge with two men rowing in the right of *Blac Lion Wharf,* these are sudden and arbitrary excursions into indefiniteness, and merely indicate that the figures were in motion. But the later etchings which deal with large pieces, like the *Riva,* are illustrations of scientific truths which Ruskin was the first to elucidate. After Turner, Whistler was the first great artist to illustrate these truths, and between them came all the Pre-Raphaelite school, of which Ruskin became the ardent champion. It is curious that this interlude should have blinded Ruskin to the fact that Whistler was carrying out the principles of Turner as expressed in his own "Modern Painters." That admirable Chapter iv. of Vol. i. is such a perfect exposition of Whistler's methods that I cannot do better than quote from it. It deals with truths of space, first, as dependent on the focus of the eye, and second, as dependent on the power of the eye. With binocular vision, "it is impossible to see

LITHOGRAPH
MOTHER AND CHILD

objects at unequal distances distinctly at one moment, especially such as are both comparatively near. Either the foreground or the distance must be partially sacrificed, which, not being done by the Old Masters, they could not express space. This incapacity of the eye must not be confounded with its incapability to comprehend a large portion of *lateral* space at once. We indeed can see at one moment little more than one point, the objects beside it being confused and indistinct, but we need pay no attention to this in art, because we can see just as little of the picture as we can of the landscape without turning the eye; hence any slurring or confusing of one part of it laterally more than another is not founded on any truth of Nature, but is an expedient of the artist—and often an excellent and desirable one—to make the eye rest where he wishes it. But as the touch expressive of a distant object is as near upon the canvas as that expressive of a near one, both are seen distinctly and with the same focus of eye; and hence an immediate contradiction of nature results, unless one or other be given with an artificial or increased indis-

tinctness, expressive of the appearance due to the unadapted focus." It had always been the custom of the artists who succeeded the Primitives to subordinate the background to the foreground. "Turner introduced a new era in landscape art by showing that the foreground might be sunk for the distance, that it was possible to express immediate proximity to the spectator without giving anything like completeness to the focus of the near objects. This, observe, is not done by slurred or soft lines (always the sign of vice in art), but by a decisive imperfection, a firm but partial assertion of form, which the eye feels indeed to be close home to it, and yet cannot rest upon, nor cling to, nor entirely understand, and from which it is driven away of necessity to those parts of distance in which it is intended to repose." No better demonstration of these principles, expressed with Ruskin's admirable clearness, can be found than in the later plates of Whistler. *Upright Venice, The Riva* have their centres of interest, on which the eye lingers, in the far distance, the foreground being treated with extreme breadth and simplicity.

LITHOGRAPH
MISS WILLIAMS

Even more striking is the illustration of Chapter v. on the truths of space, as dependent on the power of the eye.

"What I particularly wish to insist upon is the state of vision in which all the details of an object are seen, and yet seen in such confusion and disorder that we cannot in the least tell what they are or what they mean. It is not mist between us and the object, still less is it shade, still less is it want of character; it is a confusion, a mystery, an interfering of undecided lines with each other, not a diminution of their number, window and door, architrave and frieze, all are there, it is no cold and vacant mass, it is full and rich and abundant, and yet you cannot see a single form so as to know what it is.

"Go to the top of Highgate Hill on a clear summer morning at five o'clock (N.B. Ruskin lived at Highgate at this date) and look at Westminster Abbey. You will receive an impression of a building enriched with multitudinous vertical lines. Try to distinguish one of these lines all the way down from the one next to it. You cannot. Try to count

them. You cannot. Look at it generally, and it is all symmetry and arrangement. Look at it in its parts, and it is all inextricable confusion."

Does not this perfectly describe an etching of Whistler's later period? No doubt these principles have been tacitly accepted and acted upon ever since Whistler practically demonstrated them, but it is well to draw attention to the fact that, from the date that these chapters were written during Turner's lifetime, they had been, in England at least, in abeyance from the enormous influence of the reactionary Pre-Raphaelite movement. It is to France we must turn at this time for those who consciously or unconsciously were handing on the torch of Turner and Constable. It is a matter of common knowledge that the French paysagistes, Corot, Daubigny, Rousseau received Constable as a revelation, and if Turner was at first less admired, it was because he was less known.

The same tribute was paid to Turner's genius by the later French masters, Monet, Boudin, Sisley, those who definitively assumed the title of Impressionists. We may, therefore,

conclude that, whilst the first impetus to Whistler's genius was afforded by contemporary French painters, especially Courbet, our own great masters of landscape art indirectly had a large share in it.

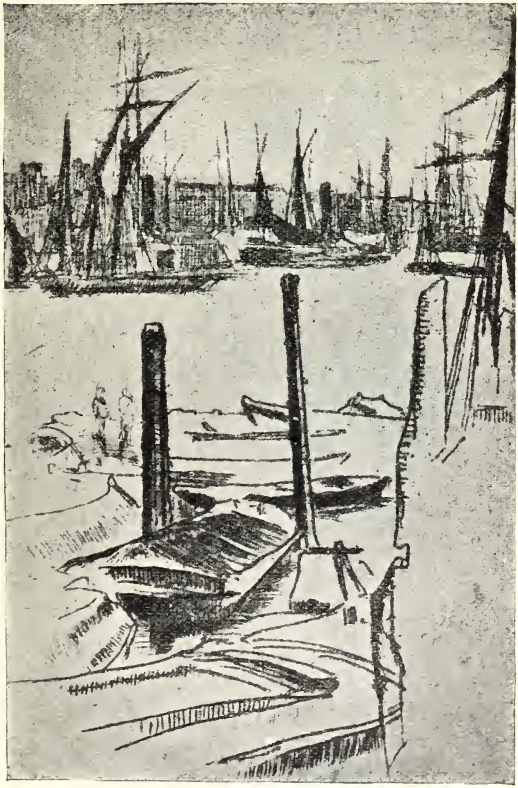
X

Pastels and Water-Colours

Whistler had used pastels occasionally as studies or notes for portraits, but it was not till 1879 in Venice that he began to make them self-sufficient pictures, and his handling of them showed his remarkable quickness in seizing at once upon the peculiar beauties and qualities of a new medium.

Since that date the vogue of pastel has increased with great rapidity, but very few artists have reached his perfection of style.

He understood at once that as a medium it has rigid limitations which require the most exquisite selection of subject and precision of treatment. It is possible, no doubt, with the thousands of different tints now manufactured by Lechertier Barbe & Edouard, to make an exact transcript of every nuance of colour, to *paint* with pastel as one might paint in oil.



THE LITTLE POOL

But to do this necessitates an excessive blending and fusing of tint, to the destruction of the peculiar bloom and freshness of colour. And the material being, after all, a blunt soft chalk, becomes clumsy and heavy-handed if all conventions are discarded. Whistler's pastels are essentially drawings with coloured chalks, the number of tints now supplied merely giving him a greater range than Gainsborough or Russell, but not causing him to break with tradition.

The groundwork of Whistler's pastel was the outline drawing in charcoal, brown or black chalk. Then having selected a few pastels, one for sky, one for water, and perhaps a dozen more, as near to the true tint as is possible to be found in a single stick of colour, he would not confuse this selection by any afterthought or disturbance of its purity. His great skill and taste is chiefly seen in the cunning with which he would make delicate gradations of tone by pressing more or less heavily on the brown paper. Thus he would drag a pale colour lightly for the sky, and obtain more brilliant touches near the horizon by working these portions over again or pressing

harder, thus obliterating the dark ground in a very few minute portions.

In the main, the brown ground remained visible throughout. It is astonishing how, with these severe limitations, each of his pastels appears as a brilliant note of pure colour, gay, spontaneous, blooming, and all the while the conventions of the Old Masters who drew in three colours, black, red, and white, are still traceable. Whistler selected a few notes from a very extended keyboard, that is all the difference. It is possible to analyse his method in pastel; it is impossible to suggest the beauty of the results.

XI

Decoration

Whilst Whistler's grasp of decorative qualities is manifest in every stroke of his brush, it is true that only in one important work did he dispense with the stimulus of Nature actually present and insistent. All the more remarkable therefore is that achievement of the *Peacock Room.*

Some study of the actual "noble bird with wings expanded" may have had a part in the final result, but the gorgeous extravagance of the panels is partly Whistler and partly Japanese. As filling of space with the most intricate and satisfying pattern, it is unapproachable in modern times.

It is evident from the *Peacock Room* that Whistler had what otherwise might have been denied him, imagination. But it was imagination of the most abstract kind, being occupied

almost purely with shapes, spaces, and proportions, and having but slight relation with Nature, memory, or the work of former artists.

It is a matter of profound regret that this was the only example of pure decoration that he was commissioned to do. It may be that Whistler's behaviour towards his patron Leyland, characterised by his usual disregard of finances, to use no harsher term, accounted for the fact The room, which was bodily taken down and exhibited at Messrs Obach in 1904, went to an American collector, like so many others of his works. But since Mr Freer was already the possessor of *La princesse du pays de la porcelaine*, we cannot grudge him *The Peacock Room*, which was designed as a setting for the picture.

LITHOGRAPH
THE HOROSCOPE

XII

Catalogue of Oil Pictures

It is not to be expected that a catalogue of Whistler's oil pictures can be as yet drawn up, both complete and correct. I have not attempted to make it complete, as the inclusion of all the slighter works, the "Notes, Harmonies, Caprices," etc., would swell the book disproportionately. By omitting to do this, I hope I have not fallen under the ban issued against "Atlas" in the "Gentle Art," where Whistler informs the critic that "an etching does not depend for its importance upon its size."

For though this is eminently true of etchings, and Whistler was a consistent champion of the dictum, it is not such a patent truth in oil painting.

Some of his most exquisite panels, it is true, were on a small scale—who that saw it can

ever forget the tiny panel of the *Beach at Dieppe*, $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 inches, belonging to Mr Douglas Freshfield?—nevertheless I have not included several equally good, chiefly for reasons of space, but also because in most cases a compiler is unable to state particulars as to ownership, exhibition, dimensions, etc., and there seems, therefore, little point in stating that a *Pink Note* was No. 23 at Messrs Dowdeswell's in May 1884, if that is all that can be asserted of the picture.

On the other hand, I have endeavoured to avoid the pitfall of the gentleman who "never would ask, he liked his pot-shots at things."

I have consulted all the catalogues available, and made inquiries from all quarters likely to be of service, yet I am sure that my list is not only incomplete, but incorrect as well. Whistler hampered the work of cataloguing enormously by his system of nomenclature.

Five *Nocturnes in Blue and Silver* were exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery alone. Not only does such a system create difficulty, even consistently carried out, but Whistler was quite careless about the titles, and frequently altered them.

Thus the *Nocturne in Blue and Silver* of W. Graham is called *Nocturne in Blue and Gold* in 1892.

The portrait of Carlyle is called *Arrangement in Brown* in 1877, and *Arrangement in Grey and Black* in 1892. The *Nocturne in Blue and Gold, Westminster,* of 1877 becomes *Grey and Gold* in 1892, which has been again altered in the Memorial Exhibition to *Blue and Silver.*

The portrait of Lady Meux, which was a *Harmony in Flesh Colour and Pink* in 1882, becomes *Pink and Grey* in 1892.

It need scarcely be pointed out that such alterations made by the artist himself stultify the whole idea, and prove that the analogy with music does not hold consistently.

Any musician would tell us that we could not change the title of Symphony in C minor to Sonata in G major without making it an absurdity. And therefore if it is a matter of indifference whether we call a picture Nocturne in Blue and Silver or in Blue and Gold, some other title would seem more reasonable. One may well ask, however, what other title would be appropriate and long pause for a reply, like

the man who, when asked why a particular form of ball in cricket was called a Yorker, stunned his inquirer with another question, "What else would you call it?" An instance of the Nemesis that has overtaken Whistler, which he would have appreciated with a twinkle, is to be found in No. 38 at the New Gallery, 1905. The illustrated catalogue states that this picture was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878, evidently basing this assertion on the fact that a picture entitled *Nocturne in Grey and Gold* was No. 57 in that year. But if we turn to the "Gentle Art" we find on p. 126 the famous "Red Rag" of May 22, 1878, in "The World": "My picture of a *Harmony in Grey and Gold* is an illustration of my meaning—a snow scene with a single black figure and a lighted tavern. I care nothing for the past, present, or future of the black figure, placed there because the black was wanted at that spot; all that I know is that my combination of grey and gold is the basis of the picture. Now this is precisely what my friends cannot grasp. They say, 'Why not call it "Trotty Veck," and sell it for a round harmony of golden guineas?'"

HARMONY IN GOLD AND BROWN

PASTEL

(By permission of Pickford Waller, Esq.)

If Whistler had entitled No. 57 at the Grosvenor in 1878 "Trotty Veck," the catalogue of the Memorial Exhibition would not have fallen into the error of stating that the *Arrangement in Grey and Gold, Nocturne, Battersea Bridge,* was the picture in question. It may be that the *Moonlight Sonata* or the *Chapeau de Paille* are not correct titles for the works to which they are popularly applied, but that is a matter of small consequence, and a distracted compiler may be excused for a hearty wish that some effective system had been adopted. Sir Laurence Alma Tadema, I believe, numbers his works, which, from the point of view of the compiler, is, of course, invaluable. But in discussing a work, such a title as *Die Lange Leizen* is more to the point than any number.

I have ventured to differ in several other points from the New Gallery catalogue, whilst acknowledging the improvement in the revised and illustrated version. I have called the *Nocturne of Southampton Water, Black and Gold,* because that was the original title in 1882. As I do not suppose that the alterations made by Whistler were due to any deliberate

plan, I prefer in all such cases to give the original title, merely noting as in this case that it was altered in 1892 to *Blue and Gold.* The first edition of the New Gallery catalogue entitled No. 12 *Nocturne in Blue and Silver,* subsequently altered to *Blue and Gold* following the Goupil catalogue. I have kept the original title. No. 31 is entitled *Nocturne, Blue and Green,* on the testimony of a card on the back in the artist's handwriting; I have preferred to keep the original title of the Grosvenor and Goupil's, *Nocturne in Blue and Silver.* No. 36, New Gallery, was entitled in 1877 *Nocturne in Blue and Gold,* which I have therefore maintained. Whistler altered this in 1892 to *Grey and Gold,* but there seems no justification for calling it *Blue and Silver,* as the New Gallery catalogue did. No. 62, New Gallery, is catalogued *Nocturne in Green and Gold, the Falling Rocket.*

This mistake is unaccountable, especially since it was pointed out soon after the opening of the Memorial Exhibition. There is, to begin with, no sign of "a falling rocket and other fireworks" (see "Gentle Art," p. 9) in Mr Heinemann's Nocturne. The *Nocturne in*

Black and Gold, the Falling Rocket was exhibited at the Grosvenor in 1877, No. 4, and at Goupil's, 1892, No. 10. It belongs to Mrs Samuel Untermyer, U.S., and was lent by her to the Boston Exhibition, No. 64, and to the Paris Exhibition, No. 66. The picture was reproduced in photogravure by Mr Eddy in his book, p. 140, and finally the photograph is to be found in the Whistler Portfolio published by Goupil & Co. in 1892. This evidence is conclusive against the New Gallery catalogue.

One more criticism and I have done. It is stated that the *Blue Wave, Biarritz* was "one of the pictures that Whistler painted in company with Courbet, when they worked together for one or two summers on the coast of France." Now M. Duret gives a pretty full account of Whistler's stoppage at Biarritz on his way to Madrid, where he had intended going in 1862, and includes an interesting letter to Fantin-Latour, but no mention is made of Courbet.

It was not till the summers of 1865 and 1866 that they met at Trouville and painted in company, a record of which is to be found

in the sea-piece now in the collection of Mrs J. Gardner, Boston, where Courbet is placed in the foreground in a straw hat.

No doubt, since Whistler first became known to Courbet in 1859 in the atelier of Bonvin, where *At the Piano* was first shown after its rejection by the Salon, his influence is traceable; he may even have given advice and assistance; but it is misleading to say the picture was painted in his company.

Where the picture is dated, I have attributed it to that date; in all other cases I have catalogued it according to the date of its first exhibition.

I have confined my endeavours to making a catalogue of the oils, because the etchings have already been catalogued by Mr Wedmore and the lithographs by Mr Way, but hitherto no complete catalogue of the oils has been attempted. Further particulars may be forthcoming as to certain of the pictures which I have been unable to trace, and I shall be grateful for any assistance or correction which this endeavour may bring forth.

CATALOGUE OF OIL PICTURES

BY JAMES MACNEILL WHISTLER

IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

R. A. . .	Royal Academy.	I. S.	International Society.
P. M. . .	Pall Mall Exhibition, 1874.	S. .	Salon, Champ de Mars.
R. B. A. .	British Artists.	B. .	1904 Boston Memorial Exhibition.
G. . .	Goupil, 1892.	L. .	1905 London ,, ,,
G. G. . .	Grosvenor Gallery.	P. .	1905 Paris ,, ,,

Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
1. Portrait of artist. Signed Whistler, left bottom corner.	1857-8. B., No. 55. P., No. 1.	Samuel P. Avery (New York).	H. 19⅓. B. 15½.
2. At the Piano.	R. A. 1860, No. 598. S. 1867. I. S. 1898, No. 177. L., No. 75.	John Philip, R.A. J. J. Cowan. Edmund Davis.	H. 26. B. 35½.

Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
3. La Mère Gérard.	R. A. 1861, No. 272. L., No. 68.	A. C. Swinburne.	H. 11. B. 8.
4. La Mère Gérard. Signed Whistler, right.	P., No. 2.	P. & D. Colnaghi.	H. 9½. B. 7.
5. The Coast of Brittany, or "Seule," dated 1861. Signed Whistler, lower left corner.	B., No. 42. L., No. 11.	Ross Whistler. Ross Winans ?	H. 36. B. 46.
6. Head of an old man smoking. Signed Whistler, right.	P., No. 3.	M. Drouet (Paris).	H. 16. B. 14.
7. Head of a peasant woman.	L., No. 80. P., No. 3 bis.	Comtesse de Béarn.	H. 10. B. 6½.
8. Portrait of Annie Haden. Sketch signed To Annie, Whistler.	P., No. 31.	M. Jérome Doucet.	H. 16¼. B. 10½.
9. The Thames in Ice, "The twenty-fifth of December 1860 on the Thames" (R. A. Cat.). Signed Whistler, left bottom corner.	R. A. 1862, No. 114. I. S. 1898, No. 175. B., No. 31.	J. J. Cowan. Chas. Freer (Detroit).	H. 30. B. 21.

10. The Blue Wave, Biarritz, Blue and Silver. Signed Whistler, 1862, left bottom corner.	G., No. 21. B., No. 54. L., No. 29. P., No. 55.	Gerald Potter. J. S. Forbes. A. A. Pope (Farmington, U.S.).	H. 24½. B. 34.
11. The Last of Old Westminster. Signed Whistler, 1862, left lower corner.	R. A. 1863, No. 352. B., No. 34. L., No. 35. P., No. 56.	Dr Cavafy. A. A. Pope.	H. 22. B. 30.
12. On the Thames. Signed Whistler, 1863, lower right corner.	B., No. 70. P., No. 63.	Mrs Potter Palmer.	H. 20. B. 32.
13. Symphony in White No. 1. Signed Whistler, 1862, upper right corner.	Salon des Refusés 1863. B., No. 71. L., No. 37. P., No. 4.	Thos. Whistler (Baltimore). H. Whittemore (Naugatuck, U.S.).	H. 84. B. 42.
14. Wapping.	R. A. 1864, No. 585.	Mrs Hutton (Baltimore).	H. 30. B. 25.
15. Die lange Leizen—of the six marks, Purple and Rose. (R. A. Lizen.)	R. A. 1864, No. 593. G., No. 5.	J. Leathart. J. G. Johnson (Philadelphia).	

	Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
16.	Nocturne, Blue and Gold, Valparaiso.	R. B. A. 1887 (Summer), No. 156. G., No. 28. I. S. 1898, No. 183. L., No. 16.	Alexander Ionides. George M'Culloch.	H. 29½. B. 19½.
17.	Crepuscule in Flesh-colour and Green, Valparaiso. (S. 1891, Green and Opal.) Signed Whistler, Valparaiso, 65, left bottom corner.	G. G. 1878, No. 54. G., No. 13. S. 1891, No. 937. L., No. 93. P., No. 59.	Graham Robertson.	H. 22. B. 29.
18.	La princesse du pays de la porcelaine, Rose and Silver. Signed Whistler, 1864, left upper corner.	S. 1865. I. S. 1899, No. 180. B., No. 32. P., No. 9.	F. R. Leyland. W. Burrell. Chas. Freer.	H. 79. B. 46.
19.	The Golden Screen, Caprice in Purple and Gold. Signed Whistler, 1864, left, on the carpet.	R. A. 1865, No. 90. G., No. 14. P., No. 8.	Lord Battersea. Chas. Freer.	H. 18. B. 19½.

20. Grey and Green, marine. Signed Whistler, lower right corner.	B., No. 12. P., No. 63.	Mrs Potter Palmer.	H. 20. B. 30.
21. The Music Room, Harmony in Green and Rose, 186 ?	G., No. 12. B., No 15. P., No. 7.	Madame Réveillon. Col. Frank Hecker (U.S.).	H. 37. B. 28.
22. Old Battersea Bridge, Brown and Silver.	R. A. 1865, No. 343. G., No. 31. L., No. 17.	Alexander Ionides. Edmund Davis.	H. 24½. B. 29½.
23. Grey and Silver, The Thames.	P., No. 64.	?	H. 24. B. 18.
24. The Little White Girl, Symphony in White, No. 2. Signed Whistler, upper right corner.	R. A. 1865, No 539. G., No. 33. Exposition Universelle 1900. B., No. 28. P., No. 5.	Gerald Potter. Arthur Studd.	H. 30. B. 20.
25. The Scarf.	R. A. 1865, No 569.	?	?
26. Seascape. Signed Whistler, 1865, right bottom corner.	L., No. 3.	Alexander Young.	H. 19⅝. B. 28½.
27. Battersea.	R. A. 1867, No 243.	?	?

Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
28. Symphony in White No. 3. Signed Whistler, 1867.	R. A. 1867, No. 233. G., No. 2. L., No. 7.	Louis Huth. Edmund Davis.	H. 19¼. B. 29.
29. Sea and Rain, Variations in Violet and Green.	R. A. 1867, No. 670.	?	?
30. The Balcony, Harmony in Flesh-colour and Green. Butterfly signature on right.	R. A. 1870, No. 468. G., No. 40. B., No. 37. P., No. 10.	Dr Cavafy. Chas. Freer.	H. 24. B. 18.
31. The Six Schemes, No. 1. Symphony in White No. 4, Three girls (unfinished). 186?	R. B. A. 1887 (Winter), No. 352. B., No. 19. P., No. 11.	C. L. Freer.	H. 18. B. 24.
32. No. 2, Venus (Sketch).	B., No. 21. P., No. 12.	,,	H. 24. B. 18.
33. No. 3, Symphony in Green and Violet (Sketch).	B., No. 22. P., No. 13.	,,	H. 24. B. 18.
34. No. 4, Symphony in White and Red (Sketch).	B., No. 20. P., No. 14.	,,	H. 18. B. 24.

35. No. 5, Variations in Blue and Green (Sketch).	B., No. 24. P., No. 15.	,,	H. 18. B. 24.
36. No. 6, Symphony in Blue and Pink (Sketch).	B., No. 23. P., No. 16.	,,	H. 18. B. 24.
37. Portrait of the painter's mother, Arrangement in Grey and Black. Signed with butterfly, above curtain.	R. A. 1872, No. 941. P. M. 1874. S. 1883, No. 2441. L., No. 25. P., No. 17.	The Artist. Musée du Luxembourg bought 1891. (Name 1st time in Cat., J. A. Macneill Whistler.)	H. 54. B. 64.
38. Portrait of Thomas Carlyle, Arrangement in Brown (G. G.), in Grey and Black (G.). Signed with butterfly, right centre.	P. M. 1874. G. G. 1877, No. 9. S. 1884, No. 2455. G., No. 42. L. No. 5.	The Artist. Corporation of Glasgow.	H. 67. B. 56.
39. Portrait of Miss Cicely Alexander, Arrangement in Grey and Green. Signed with butterfly, above the plinth, left.	P. M. 1874. G. G. 1881, No. 113. S. 1884, No. 2454. G., No. 23. L., No. 32. P., No. 18.	W. C. Alexander.	H. 74. B. 39.
40. Portrait of Agnes Mary, Miss Alexander (unfinished).	Grafton 1898. L., No. 109. P., No. 19.	W. C. Alexander.	H. 77. B. 40.

Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Own rs.	Dimensions.
41. Portrait of Mrs Louis Huth. Signed with butterfly, left, low down.	P. M. 1874. R. B. A. 1884 (Winter), No. 299. L., No. 53.	Louis Huth.	H. 75. B. 39.
42. Portrait of F. R. Leyland.	P. M. 1874. L., No. 100.	F. R. Leyland. Mrs Val. Prinsep.	H. 72. B. 34.
43. Portrait of Mrs Leyland.	P. M. 1874.	?	?
44. Nocturne in Black and Gold, The Falling Rocket.	G. G. 1877, No. 4. G., No. 10. B., No. 64. P., No. 66.	Mrs Samuel Untermeyer.	H. 25. B. 18.
45. Nocturne in Blue and Silver No. 1.	G. G. 1877, No. 5. G., No. 9.	Mrs Leyland.	?
46. Nocturne in Blue and Silver, Old Battersea Bridge (G. Blue and Gold).	G. G. 1877, No. 6 A. G., No. 4. L., No. 12.	W. Graham. Robert C. Harrison. National Gallery of British Art.	H. 26. B. 19$\frac{3}{4}$.
47. Portrait sketch of F. R. Leyland. Signed with butterfly, left.	L., No. 97.	Charles Conder.	H. 14. B. 8$\frac{3}{4}$.

48. Nocturne in Blue and Gold, Westminster Bridge (L. Blue and Silver, G. Grey and Gold).	G. G. 1877, No. 6. G., No 19. L., No. 36.	Hon. Percy Wyndham.	H. 18½. B. 23¼
49. Nocturne, Grey and Gold, Westminster Bridge.	S. 1897, No. 1259. P., No. 74.	A. A. Hannay.	H. 19. B. 12.
50. Portrait of Henry Irving as Philip II., Arrangement in Black.	G. G. 1877, No. 7. L., No. 27.	Sir Henry Irving (U.S. ?).	H. 81. B. 41.
51. Nocturne, Cremorne Gardens No. 1, circa 1877.	L., No. 21.	Mrs Alexander Argenti.	H. 19½. B. 30.
52. Nocturne, Cremorne Gardens No. 2, circa 1877.	L., No. 25. R. B. A. 1887 (Summer), No. 158?	T. R. Way.	H. 25. B. 51.
53. Nocturne, Cremorne Gardens No. 3, circa 1877.	L., No. 50.	C. Conder.	H. 17. B. 24.
54. Nocturne, Cremorne Gardens No. 4, circa 1877.	L., No. 62.	W. Heinemann.	H. 24½. B. 29½.

Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
55. Portrait of the artist. Signed with butterfly, circa 1878, left, above dado.	L., No. 30.	George M'Culloch.	H. 29½. B. 21.
56. Portrait of Dr William Whistler (Sketch).	L., No. 103.	Mrs William Whistler.	H. 17. B. 14.
57. Portrait of L. A. Ionides.	L., No 89.	L. A. Ionides.	H. 15½. B. 11¾.
58. Variations in Violet and Green. Signed J. M'N. Whistler, at bottom.	L., No. 81.	Sir Charles M'Laren.	H. 23⅓. B. 12½.
59. Pink and Grey, Chelsea. Signed with butterfly, left, on signboard.	G., No. 27. B., No. 57.	Lord Battersea. C. L. Freer.	
60. (G. G.) Harmony in Amber and Black, The Fur Jacket. (G.) Arrangement in Black and Brown. Signed with butterfly, left lower middle.	G. G., 1877, No. 8. G., No. 8. B., No. 62. L., No. 14.	William Burrell.	H. 73. B. 34¼.

61. Arrangement in Blue and Green.	G. G., 1878, No. 24.	?	?
62. Harmony in Blue and Yellow.	G. G., 1878, No. 52.	Mrs Gardner? (Boston).	
63. Nocturne in Blue and Silver (Bognor?). Signed with butterfly, right.	G. G., 1878, No. 53. G., No. 24? S. 1892, No. 1067. P., No. 68?	Alfred Chapman. Chas. Freer?	H. 20. B. 33.
64. Arrangement in White and Black, L'Americaine.	G. G. 1878, No. 55.	Dr Linde (Lübeck).	?
65. Nocturne in Blue and Gold.	G. G. 1878, No. 56.	?	?
66. Nocturne in Grey and Gold, Chelsea Snow.	G. G. 1878, No. 57. G., No. 16.	Alfred Chapman.	?
67. Nocturne in Grey and Gold, Battersea Bridge. Signed with butterfly, bottom left centre.	S., 1892, No. 1068. L., No. 38.	Mrs Flower.	H. 18. B. 23¼.
68. Miss Rosa Corder, Arrangement in Black and Brown. (S. 1891, Arrangement in Black No. 7.)	G. G. 1879, No. 54. S. 1891, No. 936. G., No. 22. I. S. 1898, No. 178. B., No. 25. P., No. 21.	Graham Robertson. R. A. Canfield (U.S.).	H. 77. B. 37.

Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
69. Portrait of Miss Connie Gilchrist, Harmony in Yellow and Gold, The Gold Girl. Signed with butterfly, right side.	G. G. 1879, No. 55.	H. Labouchere. Messrs Carfax & Co.	?
70. G. G. Harmony in Green and Gold, The Pacific. (G. Grey and Green, The Ocean.) Signed with butterfly, on right.	G. G. 1879, No. 56. G., No. 15. S. 1892, No. 1069. B., No. 74. P., No. 62.	Mrs Peter Taylor. R. A. Canfield.	H. 52. B. 36.
71. Nocturne in Blue-Green. (G. G. Catalogue.)	G. G. 1879, No. 192.	?	?
72. Nocturne in Blue and Gold.	G. G. 1879, No. 193.	?	?
73. Nocturne in Blue and Silver. Signed with butterfly, middle bottom.	G. G. 1882, No. 2. G., No. 18? L., No. 31? P. No. 72?	W. C. Alexander?	H. $18\frac{1}{2}$ B. $23\frac{1}{4}$.
74. Mrs H. B. Meux (Lady	G. G. 1882, No. 48.	Lady Meux.	?

74. Mrs H. B. Meux (Lady Moux), Harmony in Flesh-colour and Pink. (G. Pink and Grey.) Signed with butterfly, lower right side.	G. G. 1882, No. 48. G., No. 43. S. 1892, No. 1066.	Lady Meux.	?
75. Lady Meux, Arrangement in Black and White.	S. 1882.	Lady Meux.	?
76. Scherzo in Blue, The Blue Girl (destroyed).	G. G. 1882, No. 69. Dowdeswells 1884, No. 31.	?	?
77. Nocturne in Black and Gold, Entrance to Southampton Water. (G. . . . Blue and Gold.) Signed with butterfly, lower right corner.	G. G., 1882, No. 106. G., No. 20. L., No. 9. P., No. 67.	Alfred Chapman. Chicago Art Institute.	H. 19. B. 29.
78. Harmony in Black and Red.	G. G. 1882, No. 127.	?	?
79. Nocturne in Black and Gold, The Fire Wheel.	G. G., 1883, No. 115. G., No. 7. B., No. 66. P., No. 65.	Arthur Studd.	H. 21. B. 30.

Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
80. Nocturne in Blue and Silver, Battersea Reach?	G. G. 1883, No. 111. G., No. 17? B., No. 63? P., No. 70?	W. G. Rawlinson. Chas. Freer.	H. 20. B. 30.
81. Lady Archibald Campbell, Arrangement in Black, La dame au brodequin jaune.	G. G. 1884, No. 192. S. 1885, No. 2459. G., No. 41.	Lady Archibald Campbell. Mr Wilstack (Philadelphia).	?
82. Nocturne in Black and Gold No. 6, Rag Shop, Chelsea (Chelsea Rags).	Dowdeswells 1884, No. 58. I. S. 1899, No. 134. L., No. 90.	J. J. Cowan.	H. 14. B. 20.
83. Master Stephen Manuel, Arrangement in Grey.	R. B. A. 1885 (Winter), No. 45. L. No. 51.	Mrs Manuel.	H. 19¼. B. 14½.
84. Pablo Sarasate, Arrangement in Black	R. B. A. 1885 (Summer), No. 350. S. 1886. B., No. 53. L., No. 19. P., No. 20.	Carnegie Institute, U.S.	H. 84. B. 40.

85. Mrs Cassatt — R. B. A. 1885 (Win- — Alexander Cassatt

85.	Mrs Cassatt.	R. B. A. 1885 (Winter), No. 362. B. No. 45.	Alexander Cassatt.	
86.	Theodore Duret.	S. 1885, No. 2460. L., No. 10.	Theodore Duret.	H. 72. B. 32½.
87.	Harmony in Blue and Gold.	R. B. A. 1886 (Summer), No. 298.	?	?
88.	Mrs J. Macneill Whistler, Harmony in Red, Lamplight.	R. B. A. 1886 (Winter), No. 227. B., No. 47. P., No. 23.	The Artist. Miss R. Birnie Phillip.	H. 95. B. 35.
89.	Nocturne, Blue and Gold, St Mark's, Venice. (R. B. A. . . . Brown and Gold.)	R. B. A. 1886 (Winter), No. 331. G., No. 38. S. 1892, No 1071. L., No. 2.	Monsieur Gallimard. John J. Cowan.	H. 17½. B. 23½.
90.	Nocturne, Venice, Church of San Giorgio Maggiore.	Sale, Paris, Nov. 25, 1903.	?	H. 18. B. 25½.
91.	La cour de l'Hôtel, Dieppe, White and Grey.	Dowdeswell 1886, No. 46.	John J. Cowan.	
92.	Lady Colin Campbell. Harmony in White and Ivory (unfinished).	R. B. A. 1886 (Winter), No. 259.	?	?

Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
93. Mrs Walter Sickert, Arrangement in Violet and Pink (destroyed).	R. B. A. 1887 (Summer), No. 157.	Mrs Cobden Sickert.	?
94. Blue and Silver, Trouville, 1885?	I. S. 1899, No. 135. B., No. 51. P., No. 60.	J. S. Forbes. Chas. Freer.	H. 24. B. 28.
95. Nocturne in Grey and Silver, Chelsea Embankment, Winter.	G., No. 1. B., No. 61. P., No. 73.	J. G. Orchar. C. Freer.	H. 24. B. 18.
96. Chelsea in Ice, Harmony in Grey.	G., No. 3. R. B. A. 1887 (Summer), No. 165.	Madame Venturi.	?
97. Nocturne, Trafalgar Square, Snow.	G., No. 6. S. 1892, No. 1070. L., No. 33.	Albert Moore. W. Martin White.	H. 18. B. 24.
98. Nocturne, Battersea Reach.	G., No. 25. P., No. 71.	Alfred Chapman. Geo. W. Vanderbilt (U.S.).	H. 20. B. 65.
99. Blue and Gold, Channel.	G., No. 26.	Alfred Chapman.	?

100. Green and Grey, The Oyster Smacks, Evening.	G., No. 29.	Alexander Ionides.	?
101. Grey and Black.	G., No. 30.	Alexander Ionides.	?
102. Nocturne, Black and Gold.	G., No. 32.	?	?
103. Nocturne in Blue and Silver, Cremorne Lights.	G., No. 34. B., No. 56. P., No. 69.	Gerald Potter. Arthur Studd.	H. 20. B. 30.
104. Grey and Silver, Chelsea Wharf.	G., No. 35. L., No. 69.	Gerald Potter. P. A. B. Widener (U.S.).	H. 23½. B. 17¾.
105. Grey and Silver, Old Battersea Reach.	G., No. 36.	Madame Coronio.	?
106. Blue and Silver.	G., No. 37.	?	?
107. Crepuscule in Opal.	G., No. 39. L. No. 140.	Fred. Jameson.	H. 13. B. 18.
108. The Master Smith of Lyme Regis, 1895.	B., No. 36. L., No. 24. P., No. 27.	Boston Museum of Fine Arts.	H. 19¾. B. 11½.

	Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
109.	The Little Rose of Lyme Regis.	B., No. 43. L., No. 26. P., No. 42.	Boston Museum of Fine Arts.	H. 19¾. B. 12.
110.	Portrait of Madame S., Green and Violet.	New Gallery 1894, No. 85. S. 1894, No. 1185. B., No. 35. P., No. 26.	Mrs Cobden-Sickert.	H. 34. B. 24.
111.	Le Comte Robert de Montesquiou Fezensac.	S. 1894, No. 1186. B., No. 29.	R. A. Canfield.	?
112.	The Little Blue Bonnet, Blue and Coral.	I. S. 1898, No. 182. L., No. 8.	W. Heinemann.	H. 23. B. 18.
113.	The Philosopher, portrait of C. E. Holloway.	S. 1897, No. 1258. I. S. 1898, No. 181. L., No. 96. P., No. 30.	Comtesse de Béarn.	H. 8½. B. 4¾.
114.	La petite souris, Grey and Silver. Signed with butterfly, on left.	I. S. 1898, No. 176. B., No. 27. P., No. 41.	Miss Birnie Phillip.	H. 20. B. 12.

115. Carmen qui rit, Violet and Rose.	I. S. 1899, No. 133. B., No. 38.	A. A. Pope.	
116. Lillie in our Alley, Brown and Gold.	I. S. 1899, No. 136. L., No. 18.	John J. Cowan.	H. 20. B. 11½.
117. La Cigale, Rose and Brown.	I. S. 1899, No. 137. B., No. 79.	Chas. Freer.	
118. Little Lady Sophie of Soho, Rose and Gold (oval).	I. S. 1899, No. 138. B., No. 83. P., No. 37.	Chas. Freer.	H. 25. B. 20½.
119. The Neighbours, Gold and Orange.	I. S., 1901, No. 34.	?	?
120. Portrait of Lady Eden, Brown and Gold (destroyed).	S. 1894 No. 1187.		?
121. Portrait of the artist, Gold and Brown.	Exposition Universelle 1900. B., No. 1. P., No. 29.	George Vanderbilt (U.S.).	H. 18. B. 26.
122. Little Blue and Gold Girl.	B., No 26. P., No. 48.	Chas. Freer.	H. 28. B. 19.
123. L'Andalouse (Mrs Charles Whibley).	B., No. 46. P., No. 25.	J. H. Whittemore (U.S.).	H. 77. B. 34.

Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
124. Nocturne, Westminster.	B., No. 59.	John G. Johnson (U.S.).	?
125. Portrait of Mrs Whibley.	B., No. 103.	C. Freer.	?
126. Portrait of George W. Vanderbilt.	P., No. 22.	Geo. W. Vanderbilt.	H. 80. B. 37.
127. Portrait of Miss Kinsella, Rose et vert, l'Iris. Signed at back.	Champ de Mars 1904. L., No. 44.	Miss Kinsella.	H. 74. B. 34.
128. The Rose Scarf.	P., No. 32.	?	H. 11. B. 8.
129. Portrait of Mme. V., Ivory and Gold.	P., No. 33.	George W. Vanderbilt.	H. $25\frac{3}{4}$ B. $21\frac{1}{2}$
130. The Jade Necklace.	P., No. 34.	?	H. $19\frac{1}{2}$ B. 12
131. The Boy in a Cloak (unfinished).	P., No. 35.	?	H. 38. B. $27\frac{1}{4}$.
132. Brown and Gold, *De race.* Signed with butterfly, middle right side.	P., No. 36.	?	H. 20. B. 12.

133. Lily (oval).	P., No. 38.	?	H. 19½. B. 12.
134. The Little Red Glove.	B., No. 41. P., No. 39.	Charles Freer.	H. 19½. B. 12.
135. Dorothy Seton, A Daughter of Eve.	P., No. 40.	?	H. 20. B. 12½.
136. The Little London Sparrow. Signed with butterfly, right.	P., No. 41 bis.	George W. Vanderbilt.	H. 19½. B. 14.
137. Little Faustine.	P., No. 43.	?	H. 20. B. 12.
138. La Toison Rouge (unfinished).	P., No. 44.	?	H. 20½. B. 12½.
139. Portrait of a Baby (unfinished). Signed with butterfly, left.	P., No. 45.	George W. Vanderbilt.	H. 25. B. 19¼.
140. Portrait of a Baby (unfinished).	P., No. 46. L., No. 76.	Brandon Thomas.	H. 20. B. 12.
141. Le bébé français (circular).	P., No. 47.	?	14.
142. Rose and Green (a study).	P., No. 49.	?	H. 31¾. B. 20.

Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
143. Ariel (unfinished). Signed with butterfly, right.	P., No. 50.	?	H. 9. B. 5½.
144. The Card-players, Flesh-colour and Silver (unfinished).	P., No. 51.	?	H. 5⅓. B. 9¼.
145. Little Mephisto (Sketch). Signed with butterfly, right.	B., No. 14. P., No. 52.	Chas. L. Freer.	H. 9⅓. B. 7½.
146. The Little White Sofa. Signed with butterfly, low, towards right.	L., No. 98. P., No. 53.	M. A. Hannay.	H. 4⅓. B. 6½.
147. The Little Red Note.	P., No. 54.	H. Cust.	H. 3¾ B. 6.
148. The Sea.	P., No. 61.	H. Whittemore.	H. 20½. B. 37½.
149. Nocturne, Opal and Silver.	B., No. 68. P., No. 75.	Chas. Freer.	H. 7½. B. 10.

150. The Sea: Brittany. Signed with butterfly, right.	P., No. 76.		H. 4. B. 6.
151. Violet and Blue, The Little Bathers (Pérosquérié). Signed with butterfly, right.		A. A. Hannay.	H. 5. B. 8½.
152. St Ives: The Beach.	P., No. 78. L., No. 88.	J. E. Blanche.	H. 9. B. 11½.
153. Note in Blue and Opal: The Sun Cloud.	P., No. 79.	Charles L. Freer.	H. 5. B. 9.
154. The Little Red House.	P., No. 80.	?	H. 9. B. 6.
155. La Blanchisseuse, Dieppe. Signed with butterfly, middle right side.	P., No. 81.	?	H. 10. B. 6.
156. The Little Forge: Lyme Regis. Signed with butterfly, left lower corner.	P., No. 82.	?	H. 5¾. B. 9¾.
157. A Grey Note: Village Street.	P., No. 83.	?	H. 5½. B. 9.

	Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
158.	Orange Note: The Sweet Shop.	P., No. 84.	Charles L. Freer.	H. 5. B. $8\frac{3}{4}$.
159.	The Canal, Amsterdam.	P., No. 85.	?	H. 6. B. $5\frac{3}{4}$.
160.	The Widow.	L., No. 1.	Executors of the late J. S. Forbes.	H. 22. B. 17.
161.	Girl with a Red Feather.	L., No. 4.	,,	H. 19. B. 11.
162.	Girl in Black.	L., No. 6.	Monsieur X.	H. 19. B. 11.
163.	The Little Blue Bonnet (oval).	L., No. 8.	W. Heinemann.	H. 23. B. 18.
164.	Whistler in his Studio No. 1.	L., No. 13.	Douglas Freshfield.	H. 23. B. $17\frac{1}{4}$.
165.	Whistler in his Studio No. 2.	L., No. 15.	City of Dublin Gallery.	H. $23\frac{1}{2}$. B. 18.

166. Lilian, daughter of E. G. Woakes, M.D.	L., No. 20.	E. G. Woakes, M.D.	H. 20. B. 13½.
167. Study in Brown.	L., No. 22.	Baroness de Meyer.	H. 20. B. 12.
168. Girl in Red.	L., No. 28.	Executors of J. S. Forbes.	H. 19¾. B. 12
169. The Violinist.	L., No. 34.	Monsieur Z.	H. 30. B. 19½.
170. Portrait of Mrs Louis Jarvis.	L., No. 65.	Mrs A. M. Jarvis.	H. 23½. B. 16.
171. Landscape. Signed with butterfly, right bottom corner.	L., No. 86.	Alexander Young.	H. 11¾. B. 24.
172. The Salute, Venice, from the Riva Schiavone.	L., No. 45.	B. B. MacGeorge.	H. 5¼. B. 8¾.
173. Harmony in Blue and Silver.	L., No. 55.	His Honour Judge Evans.	H. 5. B. 8½.
174. Belle à jour, Blue and Violet.	L., No. 57.	Mme. Blanche Marchesi.	H. 6½. B. 4.

Title.	Date and Place of Exhibition.	Owners.	Dimensions.
175. Study of a Girl's Head and Shoulders.	L., No. 58.	Baroness de Meyer.	H. 6. B. 3.
176. The Shop Window.	L., No. 59.	A. A. Hannay.	H. $4\frac{3}{4}$. B. $8\frac{1}{2}$.
177. The Sea, Pourville.	L., No. 64.	A. A. Hannay.	H. 4. B. $6\frac{1}{2}$.
178. Arrangement in Black.	L., No. 71.	Alexander Henderson.	H. $9\frac{1}{4}$. B. 7.
179. Dieppe.	L., No. 72.	Douglas Freshfield.	H. $4\frac{1}{2}$. B. 8.
180. Study for head of Miss Cicely Alexander.	L., No. 74.	Alexander Reid.	H. 10. B. $14\frac{1}{2}$.
181. Note in Red and Violet.	L., No. 77.	Miss Constance Halford.	H. $4\frac{1}{2}$. B. 8.
182. Portrait of E. G. Kennedy.	L., No. 83.	E. G. Kennedy.	H. $11\frac{1}{2}$. B. 6.

183. Portrait of L. A. Ionides (early work).	L., No. 89.	L. A. Ionides.	H. $15\frac{1}{2}$. B. $11\frac{3}{4}$.
184. The General Dealer.	L., No. 94.	John J. Cowan.	H. $4\frac{1}{2}$. B. $8\frac{1}{4}$.
185. A Freshening Breeze. Signed with butterfly, left bottom.	L., No. 101.	John G. Ure.	H. $8\frac{1}{2}$. B. 5.
186. The Baker's Shop: Lyme Regis, Rose and Red. Signed with butterfly, low down on left.	L., No. 102.	Humphrey Roberts.	H. $4\frac{1}{2}$. B. 8.
187. The Seashore.	L., No. 104.	Sir William Eden.	H. $3\frac{3}{8}$. B. $5\frac{1}{2}$.
188. A Canal, Venice.	L., No. 105.	B. B. MacGeorge.	H. $8\frac{3}{4}$. B. $5\frac{1}{4}$.
189. The Curé's Little Class.	L., No. 106.	John J. Cowan.	H. $4\frac{1}{2}$. B. $8\frac{1}{4}$.
190. Petite bonne à la porte d'une Auberge.	L., No. 107.	Mrs T. S. Schwann.	H. $8\frac{3}{8}$. B. $4\frac{3}{4}$

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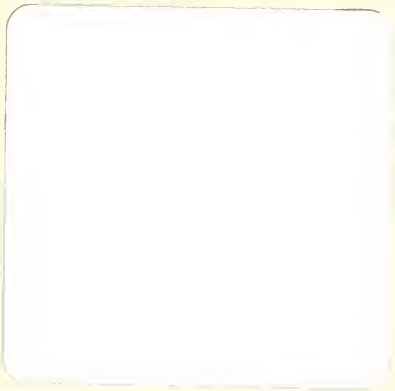

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